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## THE DESERT DREAM.

BY ANNA SAVAGE.

The trackless desert's burning sand around the Wanderer spread,  
The dead air ceased to echo back the weary camel's tread;  
He turn'd him to the glowing sky, pale in the day-god's blaze,  
Then far across the scorching plain he cast his sick'ning gaze.  
Alone he stood, no welcome stream, nor mountain's shadow broke  
The boundless waste, no sound of life the deep dim silence woke.  
Alone! if 'tis to be alone when Mem'ry's spells are cast  
To summon phantoms from the dead, and voices of the past,  
Long woven in the tangled web of the mysterious brain,  
Till Time and Space are things of nought—and all is ours again.

More slowly move the wand'ring band, veiled is the slumberer's brow,  
No longer on the drear expanse his spirit broodeth now.  
'Mid the wild woodlands of his home, beside the mountain stream,  
His boyhood's sports, his manhood's hopes, are crowding on his dream.  
The thousand memories, that time hath shadowed with his wing,  
And forms long silent in the grave, about his pathway cling.  
The willows with their drooping boughs their checker'd shadow cast,  
The summer breeze swept o'er the wave, as when he saw it last.  
The dew still sparkled—not a blade but bent beneath its gem,  
And not a flower but bailed the day with its bright diadem.

But sweeter things than Summer flowers that slumb'ring sense reveals,  
'Tis Woman's glance in Beauty's might upon his vision steals,  
And whisper'd words are blending with the water's gentle flow,  
From fond lips murmuring near his own, in tones as soft and low,  
As if the sweet task still were theirs, his gloomy fate to bless;  
Or, as the world had never wreathed his own in bitterness.  
The bright cheek pillow'd on his breast, wears still the smile it wore,  
And fairy hands have clasped his own—that he will clasp no more.

The fair young face is fading now, and other forms arise,  
And wilder glances fill the place of those deep loving eyes;  
With mocking smiles that lured his faith with wild'ring light astray,  
When passion startled from his path, his early Truth away.  
(False gods! before whose shrine to kneel, was but to tempt their fall,  
Poor barter these for thee, young Love, the sweetest dream of all.)

Here mingled friendships form'd e'er yet the world's dark den of strife  
Was enter'd when the loyal heart, with generous impulse rife,  
Gave forth the rich untutor'd thought, the Future laughs to scorn,  
Or utters with the with'ring sneer the young lip ne'er had worn.  
Man's graver converse blends with sports of boyhood's boisterous glee,  
And childish tasks, his lip hath lip'd beside a mother's knee.  
Amidst them all, distinct and slow, a measured music swells,  
And hill and valley seem to breathe the sound of Sabbath bells.  
Softly the ancient village chime comes o'er the wave, as clear  
As though the passing breeze had borne the echo to his ear.  
The slumberer starts—no memories rise with forms that meet his eye,  
Yet still upon his rapt ear hangs the well known melody.  
He shrouds his face,—but not to veil the noontide's fiery ray,  
Though e'en the desert's swarthy child drops on his weary way;—  
The dark and fiercely glancing orbs that on his wakening gleam,  
Are others than the looks of love that smiled upon his dream.

Thus in the World's wild wilderness, where springs and shade are none,  
When hopes, like dreams, have pass'd away, and youth's bright scenes are gone,

Across the channels of our tears, whose deep fount long hath dried,  
Comes o'er the heart's dear waste some sound that home hath sanctified.  
Mock not the dreamer! can'st thou track the spirit's mystic flight?  
Vainly ye seek to raise the veil that shrouds it from the sight;  
He from the shadowy land beholds the forms none else may see,  
Some echo lingereth in his ear, although unheard by thee.  
Oh! mock him not, thou can'st not tell where that rapt soul hath been;  
Thou can'st not trace the link that binds the seen to the unseen.  
To some far rest it gently calls, of some lost hope it tells,  
And pale lips, long unused to pray, have blest such Sabbath bells.

## THE SIEGES OF VIENNA BY THE TURKS.

From the German of Karl August Dehimmer, and  
other sources. Murray.

Springing into life in a period of deeply-rooted and universal corruption, when the Byzantine and Persian empires—the great political centres of gravity of Europe and Asia—were exhausted by centuries of implacable hostility, the Ottoman power, quickened and sublimed by a great idea, and perpetually urged onward by the religious enthusiasm of which it was the external form and ministration, suddenly arose to dispute with the world-ruling sovereignties for supremacy. Separated by almost impassable barriers from surrounding nations, Arabia had remained for thousands of years unconquered and unknown; and destiny had reared among its trackless sands a simple hardy race, in which the elements of heroic deeds required only the quickening power of genius to discipline and develop them, in order to make them extensively and permanently felt. When time was ripe, the man appeared. A few brief but burning words sent forth these unknown or despised wanderers of the wilderness to shake the great thrones of the earth. They accepted with alacrity the inheritance of the sword, and the mission of conquest; and not only rapidly subdued the inferior races of Asia and Africa and erected new empires upon the

ruins of the fallen states,—but, with varying fortune and for more than a thousand years, contended for the dominion of Europe with the superior genius of the Caucasian stock.

From the fall of Constantinople in 1453, the institutions of the West—not only political and civil, but even the religious—were seriously threatened by the arms of the Turks. It was a settled purpose of the sultans to erect an empire of the west. Mahomet II., one of the greatest of the successors of the prophet, who overthrew two empires and ten other sovereignties, wrote for his own epitaph, the simple but significant words,—“I wished to take Rhodes and subdue Italy.” The Turkish conquests were rapidly pushed westward by his successors. Venice and Genoa trembled before their naval power. The Danube was passed; Wallachia and Moldavia were conquered. The religious troubles, and the criminal ambition of John Zapolya, wayvode of Transylvania, opened the way for their arms into the Kingdom of Hungary:—

“This man, whose name, like that of Tekeli, is so intimately connected with the misfortunes of his country, was born in 1487, the son of Stephen Zapolya, one of the best officers of the great king and warrior Mathias Corvinus. Inheriting the rewards of his father's valour in the shape of vast possessions and important governments, he was distinguished through life by restless ambition, great talents for intrigue, and on some occasions by acts of inventive cruelty which exceed in extravagance of horror all that Suetonius has related of the Roman emperors. By a reckless acceptance of Turkish aid, and by treachery as reckless to his engagements with that power, he partially succeeded in the great object of his adventurous life—his establishment on the throne of Hungary.”

Soliman, who now occupied the throne, was the greatest of the Ottoman princes; and under him the Turkish empire reached a pitch of grandeur and prosperity which it never afterwards surpassed and from which it soon began to decline. He understood several languages; and, according to the criticism of his countrymen, was no indifferent poet. As a conqueror, he ranks with Mahomet II.,—and in every other quality of a sovereign takes precedence of all the leaders of his race. He collected a large army, and advanced into the heart of the enemy's country.—

“Soliman found little resistance to his invasion of Hungary. Peterwaradin and the Bannat fell quickly into his hands; and on the 20th of August, 1526, occurred that disastrous battle which in Hungary still bears the name of the Destruction of Mohacs. Zapolya remained with his forces motionless at Szegeidin, careless of the fate of kingdom or king; while the latter, with scarcely 20,000 men and little artillery, stood opposed to a tenfold superior force of the Turks. The wiser heads of the army advised the waiting for reinforcements, but they were overruled by Paul Timoreus, Archbishop of Koloeza, a man who seems to have united every quality which could unfit him for either the sacred functions he had abandoned or those which he had assumed of military command. The arrival, still hoped for, of Zapolya, with the excellent cavalry of Transylvania, might have saved Hungary, but it would have deprived the prelate of the chief command; and the latter preferred to risk his own life, that of the sovereign, and the fortunes of Hungary, in premature and unequal battle. In less than two hours Soliman had gained a complete victory; the prelate paid the penalty of his presumption with his life, and with him perished the flower of the Hungarian nobility, many of his episcopal brethren, and lastly the unfortunate King Louis himself, suffocated beneath his floundering horse, and borne down by the weight of his armour, in a swamp through which he was urging his flight. The jewels in which the plume of his helmet was set led ultimately to the discovery and identification of the body. Scarcely 4,000 men, led by the Palatine Bathory, escaped under the cover of night from this disastrous battle. Soliman pushed forward his troops, intoxicated with success, as far as the Plattene and Neusiedler lakes, laid waste the country, and burnt Funfkirchen and Pesth. On the news, however, of disturbances in Asia, he suddenly retired, dragging with him 200,000 persons into captivity, but soon to re-appear in terrible power at the gates of Vienna itself.”

The Reformation had recently antagonized Europe. There was no longer any unity of religious sentiment; and while the two great parties into which the Christian nations were divided were prosecuting their mutual animosities, the hereditary enemy of the Christian name prepared to march through the now open country of Hungary to extinguish on the banks of the Rhine their disputes and their existence. Having collected an army of upwards of 200,000 men, he advanced. Nothing could arrest the progress of the invader. Castles, fortresses deemed impregnable, and even walled and well garrisoned cities submitted at his approach. Pesth had already fallen; and from the capital of Austria could be seen the lurid glare of burning villages and towns round half the horizon. Vienna was the sole remaining bulwark of Europe,—a mere handful of soldiers were the last defence of the fairest provinces of Christendom; and the Sultan exulted in the proud prospect of terminating the war on the frontiers of Germany and France by one crowning victory over the united chivalry of the west.

Vienna was invested, the trenches were opened, and the city was stormed. But the garrison defended the walls with unexpected impetuity; and when three desperate and successive attempts to carry the place by storm had been repulsed, a mutiny of the Janissaries obliged Soliman to raise the siege and return. The war, however, was only transferred to another field. The Sultan never abandoned his cherished project,—but entered into new preparations for another siege. Three years later he again traversed the intermediate provinces; the forces of the empire fled before his overwhelming power; and the Viennese again expected to be invested. But political events diverted his arms:—and the city was saved a second time from his grasp.

The desolating war of religion and race continued as fiercely as ever upon the common battle-ground of Hungary; a land which was fertilized by the



richest Christian and Paynim blood for more than a century—consecrated by glorious deeds and self-devotion worthy of the ancient Hellas. Here is a picture of a new Leonidas and his small but gallant band of followers, not unworthy of the heroes of Thermopylae:—

"The Hungarian campaign of 1566 was distinguished by the famous siege of the small fortress of Szigeth, and the self-immolation of its defender, the Hungarian Leonidas, Nicholas, Count of Zriny. In early life he had distinguished himself at the siege of Vienna; and having pursued a successful career in arms, held under the present Emperor the chief command on the right bank of the Danube. Soliman had undertaken the siege of Erlau; and the Pacha of Bosnia was on the march with reinforcements, when he was attacked near Siklos by Zriny, completely defeated and slain. The Sultan, furious at this disaster, raised the siege of Erlau and marched with 100,000 men upon Zriny, who, with scarcely 2,500, flung himself into Szigeth, with the resolution never to surrender it; a resolution to which his followers cheerfully bound themselves by an oath. \* \* \* Zriny did not wait for the final assault. On the 8th September the Turks were pressing forward along a narrow bridge to the castle, when the gate was suddenly flung open, a large mortar loaded with broken iron was discharged into their ranks, according to their own historians killing 600 of them, and close upon its discharge Zriny and his faithful band sallied forth to die. His resolution was evinced by some characteristic preparations. From four swords he chose a favourite weapon which he had worn in the first campaigns of his youth; and determined not to fall alive into the hands of his enemies, he wore no defensive armour. He fastened to his person the keys of the castle and a purse of a hundred ducats, carefully counted and selected, of the coinage of Hungary. 'The man who lays me out, shall not complain that he found nothing upon me. When I am dead, let him who may, take the keys and the ducats. No Turk shall point at me while alive with his finger.' The banner of the Empire was borne before him by Laurence Juranitsch. In this guise, followed by his 600 remaining comrades, he rushed upon the enemy, and by two musket shots through the body and an arrow in the head obtained the release he sought. \* \* \* Zriny's head was sent to the Emperor; his body was honourably buried, as some accounts state, by the hands of a Turk, who had been his prisoner, and well treated by him. Szigeth never recovered from its destruction, and some inconsiderable ruins alone mark the scene of Zriny's glory."

Soliman died; and under his feeble successors the great designs which he had cherished were soon forgotten. A century elapsed before the inhabitants of Vienna again, and for the last time, saw the gorgeous tents and martial array of a Turkish beleaguering army beneath their walls. The second siege took place in 1683. When Louis the Fourteenth, the ally of the Turk, had humbled to the dust the pride of the House of Hapsburg, the grand vizier of the sultans, the ambitious and vain glorious Kara Mustapha, conceived the idea of wresting from Austria an independent and hereditary kingdom for his own family. Having brought over the Porte to favour an invasion, the ultimate object of which he, however, strictly concealed, he raised an army of 400,000 men, and rapidly traversing the fields of Hungary, sat down before the walls of Vienna. The garrison, including the armed citizens, did not amount to more than 20,000 men. The walls and fortifications were ill calculated to resist the murderous onset of a Turkish storm; but the desperate valour of the troops, and the activity of the commander, Guido Count von Stahremberg, compensated for paucity of numbers. While with the slowness characteristic of the movements of the Germanic Diet the forces of the empire were gathering in the camp at Krems, the siege was pushed with great vigour. The enormous wealth which was believed to be deposited in the treasury of the capital increased the ardour of the assailants;—who expected that their successful valour would be rewarded with the plunder of the city. All communications with the Duke de Lorraine, who commanded the army assembling at Krems, was cut off; the provisions of the city were nearly exhausted; the covered works of the besiegers approached the walls; the scanty garrison was daily thinned by the murderous assaults which they gallantly, but at a great sacrifice of life, repelled; and it had become of the utmost importance that correct intelligence of their position should be carried to head-quarters for the purpose of hastening the movements of the succours ere it should be too late. But no one volunteered to undertake the dangerous errand. The most daring spirits had already perished in the attempt. The Turkish lines were vigilantly guarded; and he who passed them outwards never returned.—

"At last George Francis Kolschitzki, a partizan officer whose name deserves honourable record for the importance of his services, and the courage and dexterity with which they were executed, stepped forward. A Pole by birth, and previously an interpreter, in the service of the Oriental merchants' company, he had become a citizen of the Leopold-stadt, and had served since the siege began, in a free corps. Intimately conversant with the Turkish language and customs, he willingly offered himself for the dangerous office of passing through the very camp of the Turks to convey intelligence to the Imperial army. On the 13th of August, accompanied by a servant of similar qualifications, he was let out through a Sallyport in the Rothenthrum, and escorted by an aide-de-camp, of the Commandant as far as the palisades. He had scarcely advanced a hundred yards, when he became aware of a considerable body of horse which advanced at a rapid pace towards the place of his exit. Being as yet too near the city to escape suspicion, he hastily turned to the left and concealed himself in the cellar of a ruined house of the suburb near Altlerchenfeld, where he kept close till the tramp of the passing cavalry had died away. He then pursued his course, and, singing a Turkish song, traversed at an idle pace and with an unembarrassed air the streets of Turkish tents. His cheerful mien and his familiar strain took the fancy of an Aga, who invited him into his tent, treated him with coffee, listened to more songs and to his tale of having followed the army as a volunteer, and cautioned him against wandering too far and falling into Christian hands. Kolschitzki thanked him for the advice, passed on in safety through the camp to beyond its verge, and then as unconcernedly made for the Kahlenberg and the Danube. Upon one of its islands he saw a body of people, who, misled by his Turkish attire, fired upon him and his companion. These were some inhabitants of Nussdorf, headed by the bailiff of that place, who had made this island their temporary refuge and home. Kolschitzki explained to them in German the circumstances of his mission, and entreated them to afford him an immediate passage over the river. This being obtained, he reached without further difficulty the bivouac of the Imperial army, then on its march between Angern and Stillfried. After delivering and receiving dispatches, the adventurous pair set out on their return, and after some hairbreadth escapes from the Turkish sentries, passed the palisades and re-entered the city by the Scottish gate, bearing a letter from the Duke."

We may add, that at the end of the war this important service was rewarded by permission to open a coffee-house: and that, to this hour, every keeper

of a *café* in Vienna is obliged to have the portrait of this gallant founder of the order hung up in his establishment.

While the regular army prosecuted the siege, the Tartar cavalry swept the country in all directions, burning and pillaging whatever it encountered. In many places, the peasantry rose in their own defence, and performed prodigies of valour. Even ecclesiastics took the field:—

"The defence of the abbey of Lilienfeld forms a brilliant episode in the history of the time. Many of the inhabitants of the adjacent districts, and among them a large portion of the gentry, had taken refuge from the Tartar cavalry in this place. On the nearer approach, however, of the dreaded marauders, the greater part of these fugitives continued their retreat, and sought a more assured refuge in Salzburg or the Tyrol. Not so the brave abbot, Matthew Kolbries. He did a great deal more than this; for though deserted by all but a small body of devoted adherents, after repelling several assaults, instead of leaving his enemy to rally at leisure, he fell upon him in a series of well-planned sallies and ambuscades, which by their success elevated the courage of his adherents to the highest pitch of daring. Following up these first successes, he fell by surprise on a column of the Tartars near Marinzell, destroyed them almost to a man, and brought back in triumph 200 rescued Christians, a mule load of money, and forty heads of Tartars, whose bodies he had left for example exposed on the roads. Three Turkish prisoners of distinction were ransomed at from 2000 to 3000 ducats each. The casual accession of a Bavarian officer and five troopers to his small force enabled him to introduce into it something of military science and discipline. Military genius was evidently not wanting to the man, who, at the age of sixty-three could perform such exploits. Some Polish troops, who also joined him, gave him more trouble by their indiscipline than assistance by their military experience. With this motley band, however, he struck some more severe blows on the parties of the enemy; and by holding Lilienfeld till the Vizier was compelled to withdraw his light troops from the country, and thus guarding the main pass into Styria, he saved that province from all the horrors of Tartar invasion."

Amongst the preparations which Austria had made for defence, was an alliance with John Sobieski, King of Poland—the greatest warrior of his age, and the implacable enemy of the infidel race. He had already gained a terrible reputation among them. On the fatal field of Choczim, 11,000 Turks were crushed beneath the hoofs of his victorious cavalry; and even to this day the Turkish peasants relate wonderful traditions of the power of "the King." When he arrived in the camp at Krems, at the head of his famous Polish lancers, the chief command was instantly ceded to him. A slight circumstance revealed to his military eye, the incapacity of the Vizier; and although the combined Polish and Imperial armies only amounted to a disposable force of 70,000 men, he marched directly to relieve the city, and if possible raise the siege. It was time. A few days more and it had been lost:—

"The city was in its last agonies. On the 6th an explosion brought down a length of wall, 24 feet thick, of the Lobel bastion, making a breach less defensible than that in the Burg bastion, because the parapets of the wall which remained, had been previously destroyed. The fury of the assault which followed, and the tenacity of the resistance, may be measured by the Turkish loss of 1500 men. Two standards were at one moment planted on the rampart. A house in the Lobelstrasse opposite the spot where this took place is still called the Turk's house, and bears a date and a painting of a Turk's head commemorative of the occurrence."

"On the evening of this day, five rockets were seen to rise from the Kahlenberg. That short lived apparition was sufficient to scatter the clouds of despondency, that had so long been gathering over the city. The lighthouse which identifies the promontory, or the star which marks the pole, never sparkled on the eye of the anxious mariner with more of comfort and assurance than that fiery sign conveyed to the watchman on the rampart."

On the morning of September 12th, 1683, the great battle was fought which relieved the West, at once and forever of all apprehension from the power of the Ottomans. Sobieski formed his order of battle, and ascended the high ground of the Kahlenberg towards the enemy. The first onset was on the left wing; where the troops of the empire were partially engaged some time before the right and centre could deploy:—

"Toward's eleven o'clock the Imperialists on the left were slackening their advance, to make good the ground they had gained, and to wait for the appearance of their friends, when the gilded cuirasses of the Polish cavalry shot out from the defiles of the Wenersberg, and the shout of "live Sobieski" ran along the lines. The heat was oppressive, and the king halted and dismounted his people for a hasty repast. This concluded, the whole line advanced and the battle soon raged in every part of an amphitheatre admirably adapted by nature for such a transaction. The Turks had profited by the lull to bring up heavy reinforcements, and the vizier flung himself on the Poles in very superior numbers. In the early part of the encounter, a body of Polish Hulus compromised itself by a rash adventure, and was for a time surrounded. It was extricated by the prompt and judicious assistance of Waldeck and his Bavarians, but lost many officers of distinction, and amongst them a Potocki, the treasurer Modrjewski and the Colonel Ahasuerus."

"The second line was brought up by Sobieski, and the Turks were driven before their desperate valor through ravines and villages, and the fortified position of Hernalsbach, upon the glacis of their camp. The city of tents with all its treasures was almost within their grasp; but it is said that even with such a spectacle before him, Sobieski's caution all but induced him to pause till the morrow. The approach to the camp was protected by a ravine, the ground in front was undulating, and strengthened with works, and occupied by a strong force and a powerful artillery. The king was in face of the centre of this position; his right covered by Jablanowski against the attacks of the Tartar cavalry. It was five o'clock; his infantry was not yet at hand; the only artillery which kept pace with the speed of his advance, consisted of two or three light pieces which the veteran commander, Kouski, had brought up by force of arm and levers. Sobieski pointed these at the field tent of crimson silk, from which the vizier was giving his orders. The ammunition carriages, were, however, far behind, and a few charges carried by hand were soon exhausted. A French officer, it is said, rammed home the last cartridge with his gloves, his wig, and a packet of French newspapers."

"At this moment of hesitation the infantry came up. They were led by the Count Maligni, the king's brother-in-law against a height which commanded the quarters of the vizier. The attack was successful and the king determined on the instant to pursue his fortune. As he led his troops in a direct line for the vizier's tent, his terrible presence was recognized by the infidel. 'By Allah the king is really among us,' exclaimed the Khan of the Crimea, Selim Gieray. The mass retreated in confusion. Those who awaited the attack went down before those lances of the Polish cavalry of which it was said by a Polish noble to one of their kings, that if the heavens were to fall they would sustain



them on their points. The Pachas of Aleppo and Silistria perished in the fray. The panic became universal and the rout complete. The vizier hurried along with the stream, weeping and cursing by turns—had neither time to deliberate nor power to command. By six o'clock his gorgeous tent was in possession of Sobieski. His charger, too heavily caparisoned for rapid flight, was still held by a slave at the entrance. One of the golden stirrups was instantly sent off by the conqueror to the queen as a token of the defeat and flight of its late owner.

"On the left meanwhile, the progress of Lorraine, though less rapid from the difficulties of the ground, and the tenacity of the resistance, had been equally victorious. The great Turkish redoubt, of which the traces yet remain, held out against repeated assaults till near five o'clock, when Louis of Baden at the head of a regiment of Saxon dragoons, dismounted for the purpose, and two Austrian regiments of infantry carried the work. The Turks now gave way at every point, and poured into their camp in the wildest confusion. The Margrave Louis, at the head of a squadron of dragoons, was the first to open a communication with the city from the counterscarp of the Scottish gate. Stahremberg ordered an immediate sally against the approaches of the enemy, from which they had maintained through the day as heavy a fire as on any previous day of the siege, though no assault had been attempted by the strong body of Janissaries left in them for that purpose. These men, abandoned now without orders to their fate, endeavoured to turn the guns of the batteries against the imperialists. The attempt, however, in the general confusion which ensued, was vain, and the main body of the Janissaries, unable or unwilling to retreat, was cut to pieces in the course of the night."

So ended this great and decisive battle. Cara Mustapha fled from his foe, to find a bowstring at home; and had the powers of the now liberated Christendom seconded the efforts of Sobieski, the plan of that great commander for driving the Turks out of Europe, might, then, probably, have been carried into effect.

Of the manner in which the Earl of Ellesmere had discharged the various duties of translator, editor, and author, we can speak in terms of high praise. His style is clear, nervous, rapid; and has the rare merit of combining the freedom and freshness of original composition with the minute accuracy of German scholarship.

### LETTERS ON THE TRUTHS CONTAINED IN POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

SPIRITS, GOBLINS, GHOSTS.

Dear Archy.—On what subject shall I next address you? Elves, goblins, ghosts, real and unreal; dreams, witchcraft, second sight! Bless me! the field of marvels seems more thronged, as I approach it closer. The spirits I have evoked begin to scare me with their numbers. How on earth shall I ever get them fairly laid! But some, I see, can now only limp along—they are scotched already; I will begin with finishing these. Yet they desire gentle treatment. They sprang from our nature, which seems expressly made to procreate and rear them. Thick, within and around us, lie the rich veins of illusive suggestion from which they spring.

The thing nearest us is our mental constitution, the world of consciousness. It is of it we first learn, though it be the last we understand. It is that through which we perceive and apprehend all other things; and nothing becomes part of our knowledge but as it has been shaped and coloured by its magic reflection. Nay, more, it is not only our mirror but our archetype for every thing. So we spiritualise the material universe, and afterwards, by an incongruous consistency, anthropomorphise spirit.

Reason, in vain reclaims against this misuse of analogy. Feeling, imagination, instinct are too many for her; and any mood, from fun to earnest, from nonsense to sublimity, may hear a responsive note when this chord is touched.

Address to that ingenious young American a remark upon the slowness of the legs of her work table,—she blushes—her lively fancy has given them personality. Were she a wealthier miss, she would give them, besides, neat cambric trowsers with lace borders. With less refinement, and with unexcusable warmth, I take shame to myself for having bestowed a kick upon a similar mahogany limb, which had, however, begun the contest by breaking my shin.

To the poet's eye, nature is instinct with life. Greece may be "living Greece no more"—in the soul of her people; but her immortal plains, and streams, and hills have their own vitality.

"The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea."

You go to visit them; they meet you half-way; "spectatum veniunt."

Amid the Alps—with glacier, torrent, forest around—you still evoke the fancied spirit of the scene, though it be but

"To gaze upon her beauty—nothing more."

And where, in sublimer grandeur, snowclad, upreared against the nearer sun, are seen the towering Andes; to the poet's eye, the Cordillera lies no huge backbone of earth; but lives, a Rhoetus or Enceladus of the West, and

"over earth, air, wave,  
Glazes with his Titan eye."

This is but the calm, and dignified, the measured march of poetical conception. No wonder, when superstition steps in to prick on imagination, that all should vividly team with spirit life. Or that on Walpurgis' night, bush and streamlet and hill bustle and hurry, with unequal pace towards the haunted Brocken: the heavy ones lag, indeed, a little, and are out of breath—

"The giant snouted crags, ho! ho!  
How they snort and how they blow!"

No wonder that to the dreamer's eye, in tranquil scenes of sylvan solitude, the fawn of yore skipped in the forest dell, the dryad peeped from the shadowy oak, the fay tripped lightly over the moonlit sward.

But enough, and too much, of "your philosophy." Yet there are those still who may be wiser for it. Let me sketch you a surviving believer in the creed it would dispel.

He was a Spanish West-Indian—in his active years had been an extensive planter and slave-owner in Porto Rico. His manners were grave and dignified, as due to himself; courteous, as not denying, equal or superior worth in others. He had seen the world, and spoke of it habitually with a fine irony. We had many a walk together. He was nervous about his health. One day, as our path lay along the banks of the Rhine, his conversation took this turn:—

"Do you believe in spirits?" he asked me; and upon my intimating the polite but qualified assent which suited the tone in which the question was put—"It may be superstition," he continued, but I am often inclined to think that the pucks and goblins, which, as they say, once haunted these scenes, are not

entirely visionary beings. You may smile—but this has happened, nay, often happens, to me in my walks. I see a big clod laying before me in the path, and form the intention of avoiding it; when close to it, I step to one side, when pr-r-r, my toe strikes against it."

I edged slightly away from my companion with the disagreeable impression that he was gone mad.

He went on;—"When I lived in the West Indies, the children of the slaves, about my house, were treated with great kindness and indulgence. They would come about my table at dessert, and often had little presents given them. So they grew into objects of affection. But out of several, some of course, took ill and died. I cannot tell you what grief it caused me. Then this has happened several times, after the death of one or other of my little favourites:—a bird has flown into the hall and into my sitting-room, and has hovered near me, and, after a while, has flown away. For a few days it has regularly returned, and then finally disappeared. I thought it was tenanted by the spirit of my lost favourite, which had come to bid me farewell."

I drew nearer again to my companion: I felt I was at all events safe from violence from him. And I contrasted, with humiliation, his beautiful superstition with the commonplace remembrance of a school-boy conviction of my own, one dark night, upon Blackheath, that a direction-post was a ghost.

My friend had not, indeed, always been a dreamer; and although this is no place to narrate his course of daring and hazardous adventure, on which I am therefore silent, yet I wish to be allowed to re-establish his credit for intelligence, by reporting the answer which he made, on another occasion, to a question as to what he thought of the emancipation of the Negroes in our colonies. "The principle," answered my friend, "was good, but you were in too great a hurry. Before giving them freedom, you should have made them fit for it. They were not impatient. Slavery is an African institution. Some outlay of public money, and extreme care and prudence in your measures, would have enabled you to secure their humane treatment in the interval. As fast as they became inculcated with the wants and habits of civilised life, you might have made freedmen of the most advanced, and given them official occupation, or allotted them land under proper conditions. One sheep would have followed another. The sag-end you might have emancipated together. Thirty or forty years, and a million of money, would have been, from first to last beneficial to the colonists. It would have set an example which other nations could have followed. It would have been a noble return for having temporarily used the race as unmitigated slaves. It would have been an act of enlightened philanthropy. It would have become statesmen. What you did reads and works like the puerile suggestion of a school-boy's theme. What you are further doing, to suppress, by force, the trade in slaves, would have been worthy my distinguished countryman whose biography has immortalised Cervantes. Humanity would smile at it, but that she shudders and sickens."

But to leave the regions of dreams, which are no longer realisable, let us shift the scene.

The churchyard has its nightly terrors. One heard of corpse-lights seen dancing over graves—but over some alone. A few only had witnessed this; but they had no doubt on the matter. Things looked "uncanny;" but time did not pause, and the story was forgotten. Even when the tale was fresh, what was it but superstition? Who of these who hugged its sympathetic terrors by the Christmas fireside, thought they could be true on the bright frosty morning of the morrow? It was mere fancy. There was nothing in it. Yet there was something. And now and then a striking and mysterious event would occur to bring back the old idea. There was a cottage, (this I heard of a certainty,) in a hamlet I could name to which a bad report attached. A room in it was haunted. More than one who had slept there had seen, at midnight, the luminous apparition of a little child standing upon the hearth-stone. At length suspicion became active. The hearth-stone was raised and there were found buried beneath it, the remains of an infant. A story was now divulged, how the former tenant and a female of the neighbourhood had a very few years before, abruptly left the village. The apparition here was real and significant enough.

"It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak:

Augurs and understood relations have,

By magots-pyes, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth

The secret 'st man of blood."

But tales like these, though true, gradually lose the sharpness of their evidence for want of an accredited contemporary narrator, and so become valueless. But time brings round everything. And at length a marvellous narrative to the same effect with the above made its appearance in a trustworthy German work, "P. Kieffer's Archives," the complete authentication of which caused it to make a deep impression. The narrative was communicated by Herr Ehrman of Strasburg, the son-in-law of the well-known German writer Pfeffel, from whom he received it.

The ghost-seer was a young candidate for orders, eighteen years of age, of the name of Billing. He was known to have very excitable nerves,—had already experienced sensorial illusions, and was particularly sensitive to the presence of human remains, which made him tremble and shudder in all his limbs. Pfeffel, being blind, was accustomed to take the arm of this young man, and they walked thus together in Pfeffel's garden near Colmar. At one spot in the garden Pfeffel remarked, that his companion's arm gave a sudden start, as if he had received an electric shock. Being asked what was the matter Billing replied, "nothing." But on their going over the same spot again, the same effect recurred. The young man being pressed to explain the cause of his disturbance, avowed that it arose from a peculiar sensation which he always experienced when in the vicinity of human remains; that it was his impression a human body must be interred there; but that if Pfeffel would return with him at night he should be able to speak with more confidence. Accordingly, they went to the garden together when it was dark, and as they approached the spot, Billing observed a faint light over it. At two paces from it, he stopped and would go no further; for he saw hovering over it, or self supported in the air, its feet only a few inches from the ground, a luminous female figure nearly five feet high, with the right arm folded on her breast, the left hanging by her side. When Pfeffel himself stepped forward and placed himself about where the figure was, Billing said it was now on his right hand, now on his left, now behind, now before him. When Pfeffel cut the air with his stick, it seemed as if it went through and divided a light flame, which then united again. The visit, repeated the next night, in company with some of Pfeffel's relatives, gave the same result. They did not see any thing. Pfeffel, then, unknown to the ghost-seer, had the ground dug up, when there was found at some depth, beneath a layer of quicklime, a decomposing human body. The remains were removed, and the earth carefully replaced. Three days afterwards, Billing, from whom this whole proceeding had been kept concealed, was again led to the spot by Pfeffel. He walked over it now without experiencing any unusual impression whatever.



This extraordinary phenomenon, it is now generally known, has been completely elucidated through the discoveries of Von Reichenbach, to which, in a former letter, I had occasion to make allusion.

You are probably aware, that the individuals whose nerves Von Reichenbach found to be sensitive to the proximity of crystals, magnets, &c., would, in the dark, see flames issuing from the same substances. Then, in the progress of his inquiries, Von Reichenbach found that chemical decomposition was a rich source of the new power he had discovered, by its action on the nerves. And being acquainted with the story of the ghost in Pfeffel's garden at Colmar, it occurred to him as not unlikely, that Billing had just been in the same condition with his own sensitive patients, and that grave very likely would present to all of them a luminous *aura*; and that thus the mystery might find a simple explanation.

Accordingly, Miss Reichel, one of his most sensitive subjects, was taken at night to an extensive burying-ground, near Vienna, where many interments take place daily, and there were some thousand graves. The result did not disappoint Von Reichenbach's expectations. Withersoever Miss Reichel turned her eyes, she saw masses of flames. This appearance manifested itself most about recent graves. About very old ones it was not visible. She described the appearance as resembling less bright flame than fiery vapour, something between fog and flame. In several instances, the light extended four feet in height above the ground. When Miss Reichel placed her hand in it, it seemed to her involved in a cloud of fire. When she stood in it, it came up to her throat. She expressed no alarm, being accustomed to the appearance.

The mystery has thus been entirely solved. For it is evident that the spectral character of the luminous apparition in the two instance I have narrated had been supplied by the imagination of the seers. So the superstition has vanished, leaving, as is usual, a very respectable truth behind it.

It is indeed a little unlucky for this new truth, which reveals either a new power in nature or an unexpected operation of familiar ones, that the phenomena which attest it are verifiable by a few only who are possessed of highly sensitive temperaments. And it is the use of the world to look upon these few as very suspicious subjects. This is unjust. Their evidence, the parties having otherwise a character for honesty, should be accepted with the same distrust with which all evidence is to be viewed; with neither more nor less than in other cases. Nothing should be received in scientific inquiry which it is not compulsory on our understanding to believe. It is not a whit more difficult in these than in other cases to obtain inductive certainty. Nature is not here peculiarly coy or averse from being interrogated.

Philosophers occasionally regret the limited number of their senses, and think a world of knowledge would flow from their possessing but one more. Few persons of highly-wrought nervous systems have what is equivalent to a new sense, in their augmentation of natural sensibility. But philosophers will not accept this equivalent. They must have the boon from nature their own way, or not at all.

To turn elsewhere. We may now look into a broader seam of illusive power—one which lies entirely within ourselves, and needs no objective influence to bring its ghost-producing fertility into play. Let me exemplify it in operation.

A young gentleman, who has recently left Oxford, told me, that he was one evening at a supper-party in college, when they were joined by a common friend on his return from hunting. They expected him, but were struck with his appearance. He was pale and agitated. On questioning him, they learned the cause. During the latter part of his ride home, he had been accompanied by a horseman, who kept exact pace with him, the rider and horse being facsimiles of himself and the steed he rode, even to the copy of a newtangled bit he sported that day for the first time. The apparition vanished on his entering the town. He had, in fact, seen his double or fetch, and it had shaken his nerves pretty considerably. His friends advised him to consult the college tutor, who failed not to give him some good advice, and hoped the warning would not be thrown away. My informant, who thought the whole matter very serious, and was disposed to believe the unearthly visit to have been no idle one, added, that it had made the ghost-seer, for the time at all events, a wiser and better man.

In more ignorant times, the appearance of one's fetch was held to be of very alarming import, and to menace either death or personal harm. Now, it is known to be one of the commonest forms in which *sensorial illusions* shape themselves. And these are matters of every day occurrence.

It would seem that when the blood is heated, or the nervous system overstrained, we are liable to attach reality to the mere productions of the imagination. There must be few who have not had personal experience of this affection. In the first night of a febrile attack, and often in the progress of fever, the bed hangings appear to the patient swarming with human faces, generally of a disagreeable and menacing expression. With some opium will produce a host of similar visitants. In much illness I have often myself taken this drug, and always hoped it would provide me a crop of apparitions that I might analyse. But I was disappointed; opium I found to give me only a great tranquillity and clearness of thought. Once or twice only have I had a vision, and that but a transitory landscape.

I used in vain to look upon that *black mixture* which lies before one in the dark, and try to make his fragmentary lights arrange themselves into definite shapes. And I have imagined to my mind similar scenes or faces (as in the daytime a strong conception will half realize such,) but they were not more distinct than formerly,—ideas only and perfectly transient. But as I have said once or twice I have had the satisfaction of seeing a bright and coloured landscape spread before my view; yet unlike reality and more resembling a diorama, occupying a rectangle on the black mixture before my eyes. It was not a known and familiar scene, but a brilliant sketch, made out of materials I remember, but could not by a deliberate effort have combined so effectively. It was a spontaneous throe of the imagination, which had force to overpersuade the organs of perception.

How well did Shakespeare understand this creative power of the fancy!—the air drawn dagger of the poet, and his test "come let me clutch thee!" are physiologically perfect. No less perfect or true to nature is the conception of the ghost of Banquo hunting the kingly murderer. The ghost, it is obvious, however, should not in the play appear bodily. The audience are in the position of the guests at the royal supper table, who saw it not. I wonder how in Shakespeare's time, the stage direction ran upon this point. Probably as now. Though Shakespeare wrote for all times, he was wise enough, probably, to act for the present. Or, perhaps, with no disrespect to his unqualified genius, he understood not the principles of which he exactly portrayed the workings, and was, like Shelly's poet,

'Hidden in the light of thought.'

So, some say the sun may be as dark as another planet; and that the

spots on it, are its common earth, seen through the gaps in its luminous atmosphere.

To the world, the alpha and omega of this piece of philosophy, were furnished by the publication of the case of Nicolai, the bookseller of Berlin. Its details were read before the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, in 1799. The substance ran thus.

Nicolai had had some family troubles which very much annoyed him. Then on the 21st of February 1791, there stood before him, at the distance of ten paces, the ghost of his eldest son. He pointed at it, directing his wife to look. She saw it not, and tried to convince him that it was an illusion. In a quarter of an hour it vanished. In the afternoon at four o'clock, it came again. Nicolai was alone. He went to his wife's room—the ghost followed him. About six other apparitions joined the first, and they walked about, among and through each other. After some days the apparition of his son stayed away; but its place was filled with figures of a number of persons,—some known, some unknown to Nicolai—some of dead, others of living persons. The known ones were distant acquaintances only. The figures of none of Nicolai's habitual friends were there.

The appearances were almost always human: exceptionally a man on horseback, with dogs and birds would occasionally present themselves. The apparitions came mostly after dinner, at the commencement of digestion. They were just like real persons; the colouring a thought fainter. The apparitions were equally distinct whether Nicolai was in society or alone, by day, as in the dark, in his own house as those of others; but in the latter case they were less frequent, and they very seldom presented themselves in the street.

During the first eight days they seemed to take very little notice of each other, but walked about like people at a fair, only here and there communing with each other. They took no notice of Nicolai or his remarks about them to his wife and physician. No effort of his would dismiss them or bring an absent one back. When he shut his eyes, they sometimes disappeared; when he opened his eyes, they were there as before. After a week they became more numerous, and began to converse. They conversed with each other, and then addressed him. Their remarks were short and unconnected, but sensible and civil.

His acquaintances inquired after his health, and expressed sympathy for him, and spoke in terms comforting him. The apparitions were most conversable when he was alone; nevertheless, they mingled in the conversation when others were by, and their voices had the same sound as those of real persons.

This illusion went on thus from the 24th of February to the 20th of April; so that Nicolai who was in good bodily health had time to become tranquilized about them, and to observe them at his ease. At last they rather amused him. Then the doctors thought of an efficient plan of treatment. They prescribed leeches; and then followed the *denouement* to this interesting representation. The apparitions became pale and vanished.

On the 20th of April, at the time of applying the leeches, Nicolai's room was full of figures moving among each other. They first began to have a less lively motion; shortly afterwards their colors became paler—in another half hour fainter still, though the forms still remained. About seven o'clock in the evening, the figures had become colorless, and they moved scarcely at all, but their outline was still tolerably perfect. Gradually that became less and less defined. At last they disappeared, breaking into air, fragments only remaining, which at last all vanished. By eight o'clock all were gone, and Nicolai subsequently saw no more of them.

Other cases are on record in which there was a still greater facility of ghost-production than Nicolai evinced.

One patient could, for instance, by thinking of a person, summon his apparition to join the others. He could not, having done this, subsequently banish him. The sight is the sense most easily and frequently tricked; next the hearing. In some extraordinary cases, the touch, also, has participated in the delusion.

Her Von Baczko, already subjected to visual hallucinations, of a diseased nervous system, his right side weak with palsy, his right eye blind, and the vision of the left imperfect, was engaged one evening, shortly after the battle of Jena, as he tells us in his biography, in translating a brochure into Polish, when he felt a poke in his loins. He looked around and found that it proceeded from a negro or Egyptian boy, seemingly about twelve years of age.

Although he was persuaded the whole was an illusion, he thought it best to knock the apparition down, when he felt that it offered sensible resistance. The negro then attacked him on the other side, and gave his left arm a particularly disagreeable twist, when Baczko pushed him off again.

The negro continued to visit him constantly during four months, preserving the same appearance and remaining tangible; then he came seldomer; and after finally appearing as a brown colored apparition with an owl's head, he took his leave.

The illusion and its principle having been thus elucidated, it is hardly worth while to look into its operation in tales of vulgar terror. But it is highly interesting to trace its effects on minds of a higher order, when its suggestions have been received and interpreted as the visits and communications of superior beings. You have heard I dare say, my dear Archy, of the mysticism of Swedenborg. Now that they are explained, the details of his hallucinations are highly gratifying to one's curiosity.

Schwedenborg, the son of a Swedish clergyman of the name of Schwedberg ennobled as Schwedenborg, was, up to the year 1743, which was the 54th year of his age, an ordinary man of the world, distinguished only in literature, having written many volumes of philosophy and science, and being professor in the Mineralogical school, where he was much respected.

On a sudden, in the year 1743, he believed himself to have got into a commerce with the world of spirits, which so fully took possession of his thoughts, that he not only published their revelations, but was in the habit of detailing, with the greatest equanimity, his daily chat with them.

Thus, he says, "I had a conversation this very day with the apostle Paul," or with Luther, or with some other dead person. Schwedenborg continued in what he believed to be daily communion with spirits till his death, in 1772. He was, without doubt, in the fullest degree convinced of the reality of his spiritual commerce. So in a letter to the Wirtemberg prelate, Oetinger, dated November 11, 1766, he uses the following words:—

"If I have spoken with the apostles? To this I answer, I conversed with St Paul during the whole year, particularly on the text Romans iii. 28. I have three times conversed with St. John, and once with Moses, and a hundred times with Luther, who allowed that it was against the warning of an angel that he professed '*fidem solam*,' and that he stood alone upon the separation from the Pope. With angels, finally, have I these two years conversed, and converse daily."



"Of the angels," he says, "they have human forms, the appearance of men that I have a thousand times seen; for I have spoken with them as a man with other men, and often with several together; and have seen nothing in the least to distinguish them from ordinary men." [They had evidently just the appearance of Nicolai's visitors].

"Lest any one should call this an illusion, or imaginary perception, it is to be understood, that I am accustomed to see them, when perfectly myself wide awake, and in full exercise of my observation. The speech of an angel or of a spirit sounds like, and as loud as that of a man, but is not heard by the bystanders; the reason is, that the speech of an angel or a spirit finds entrance into a man's thoughts, and reaches his organs of hearing from within outwards." This is indeed *cum ratione insanire*! how just an analysis to the illusion, when he is most deceived by it!

"The angels who converse with men, speak not in their own language, but in the language of men, and likewise in other languages which are inwardly known to man, not in languages which he does not understand." Schwedenborg here took up the angels, and to explain their own ideas to them observed, that they most likely appeared to speak his mother tongue, because, in fact, it was not they who spoke, but himself at their suggestion. The angels held out, however, and went away unconvinced.

"When approaching, the angels often appear like a ball of light; and they travel in companies so grouped together—they are allowed so to unite by the Lord—that they may act as one being, and share each other's ideas and knowledge; and in this form they bound through the universe, from planet to planet."

I will, in conclusion, add another different, but equally interesting sketch..

"It is now seven years ago," so spoke, before her judges, the simple, but high minded Joan of Arc—"the beginning of the year 1431; it was a summer day, towards the middle hour, I was about thirteen years of age, and was in my father's garden, that I heard for the first time, on my right hand towards the church, a voice, and there stood a figure in a bright radiance before my eyes. It had the appearance and look of a right good and virtuous man, bore wings, was surrounded by light on all sides, and by the angels of Heaven. It was the Archangel Michael. The voice seemed to me to command respect; but I was yet a child and was frightened at the figure, and doubted very much whether it was the archangel! I saw him and the angels as distinctly before my eyes, as I see you, my judges."

With words of encouragement, the archangel answered to her, that God had taken pity upon France, and that she must hasten to the assistance of the king. At the same time he promised her that St. Catharine and St. Margaret would shortly visit her; he told her that she should do what they commanded her, because they were sent by God to guide and conduct her.

"Upon this," continued Joan, "St. Catharine and St. Margaret appeared to me, as the angel had foretold. They ordered me to get ready to go to Robert de Beaudricourt, the king's captain. He would several times refuse me, but at last would consent and give me people, who would conduct me to the king. Then I should raise the siege of Orleans. I replied to them that I was a poor child, who understood nothing about riding on horseback, and making war. They said that I should carry my banner with courage; God would help me, and win back for my king his entire kingdom."

"As soon as I knew," continued Joan, "that I was to proceed on this errand, I avoided as much as I could, afterwards taking part in the sports and amusements of my younger companions."—"so have the saints conducted me during the last seven years, and have given me support and assistance in all my need and labors; and now at present," said she, to her judges, "no day goes by but they come to me."

"I seldom see the saints that they are not surrounded with a halo of light; they wear rich and precious crowns, as it is reasonable they should. I see them always under the same forms, and have never found in their discourse any discrepancies. I know how to distinguish one from the other, and distinguish them as well by the sound of their voices as by their salutation. They come of ten without my calling upon them. But when they do not come I pray to the Lord that he will send them to me; and never have I needed them but they have visited me."

Such is a part of the defence of the highspirited Joan of Arc, who was taken prisoner by the Duke of Burgundy on the 23d of May 1430—sold by him for a large sum to the English, and by them put on her trial as a heretic, idolatress, and magician—condemned, and finally burned alive, the 30th of May, 1431! Ill fated heroine!

I seem to be thinking of writing her epitaph, but I am considering only that there is more to come out of her evidence. For although her heavenly visitants were simply sensorial illusions, there yet remains something unexplained. How came she to foresee the paths she was destined to follow? The inquiry would launch us on a broad and wild sea of conjecture, for the navigation of which we have not yet the requisite charts on board, and it grows late—so good night, dear Archy.

"Suadentque cadentia sidera somnum."

"Cras ingens iterabimus æquor."

Yours &c.,

MAC DAVUS.

## THE DAUGHTER OF STANISLAUS.

A STORY.

It was the night of the 15th of February, and intensely cold, and notwithstanding the night and the cold, a young man, rather thinly clad, was lurking about the castle of Weissenburg, a small town in Alsatia, some leagues from Strasburg. After having made two or three circuits about the castle, he stopped before a Gothic window, through the curtains of which light was visible.

He was evidently waiting for some one, and soon he was relieved from his solitude by the approach of a person wrapped in a heavy cloak.

"I am glad you are punctual, Mikael," said the new-comer; "now for the work in hand. In that castle, perhaps in that room before us, is Stanislaus, late king of Poland. All I desire is, that you contrive to get him to use this snuff box. It contains good Spanish snuff, an article of which he is fond. Here also is a basket of porcelain. You are to sell the whole. Maria Lesczinska, the daughter of Stanislaus, will buy it all from you."

"All very good, my lord," replied Mikael; "but should I not have a little payment in hand to excite my mercantile diligence? Look at my miserable clothing, which is even at this moment insufficient to keep out the cold; and my mother, too, she is in abject poverty—she is both cold and hungry."

"So long as Stanislaus lives, both you and she must be cold and hungry," was the only answer his employer deigned to give him as he strode away.

Mikael, it may be imagined, was on no good errand. Lingered about the

castle till pretty well on in the morning, he presented himself at the gate, which opened to let out a servant, going upon some commission for the household. He approached and said, "Have compassion on me, sir, and procure me an audience of the Princess Maria."

"Another beggar coming to ask her charity!" said the domestic abruptly; "and is early enough."

"Ah, sir," said the youth, "I am a child of Poland; banished like your master, but still more unhappy than he, inasmuch as I am alone in the world."

"You are coming, then, as his countryman to ask alms of him?" interrupted the valet.

Mikael replied humbly, "I am come to sell to the princess all that remains of former wealth—some china."

"Oh, that is quite a different matter," answered the servant. "Stay there—I will let the princess know;" and closing the gate after him, he went back into the house.

The poor youth waited for a long time before the door opened. The day was far advanced, and the rays of the sun had succeeded in making their way through the gray clouds of a wintry sky, when a gentle voice roused him from the stupor into which the cold was fast throwing him, saying, "I am told you have some beautiful porcelain for sale?"

At a glance, Mikael perceived that the speaker was a young girl, with a countenance rather pleasing than pretty: she was accompanied by a middle-aged lady, who did not seem to be in the best of humours. It may be that the early rising was not agreeable to her, or else the cold of the morning, from which the furs in which they were both closely wrapped could not altogether protect them.

"Ah, princess," said Mikael, giving a most piteous tone to his voice, while his foreign accent lent some probability to his words, "I am a poor child of Poland, whose father perished in battle in the service of King Stanislaus. Come to France with my mother, who was of a good family, we have been obliged to sell for our subsistence, little by little, all that remained to us of past opulence; now, only this porcelain is left us."

"Poor boy! Let us see your china," said the princess kindly. "But first come in, it is so dreadfully cold here."

"What are you thinking of, princess," whispered the old lady to Maria, "to introduce a stranger into the castle?"

"But this is a Pole, Mockzinska," observed the princess.

"What proof have you that he is?" replied Mockzinska. "I am perhaps wrong, dear princess, but your noble father's life has so often been threatened, that has rendered me suspicious: besides, this man has a most forbidding countenance, and a downcast look, which, in spite of myself, repels me."

"I confess, Mockzinska, that, like you, I am obliged to struggle against the prejudice produced by the expression of his countenance," said Maria, still in a whisper, and looking at the pretended Pole, who at this moment betrayed a marked uneasiness. "But, after all, the poor boy did not make himself. Is it his fault that he is ugly, and ought we to visit it upon his head? However, there is no harm in being cautious, so we may as well look at the china outside." Then approaching Mikael, she added, raising her voice, "Let us see your porcelain, my friend." The face of Mikael brightened at this demand, and he hastened to open his basket.

"Here," said he, drawing out one by one the articles, which he presented alternately to the princess and her governess, "is a china vase, with teacups of a set which a sea-captain, a wealthy relative of ours, gave to my mother the day of her marriage with my father. Nothing but sore distress could make us part with so precious a souvenir. But look here! Oh, this article, though only in Dresden china, is dearer to me than all! It was the snuff-box which my father had in daily use. I have heard it said that King Stanislaus is particularly fond of Spanish snuff; indeed I could not be a Pole and be ignorant of it, for all the Poles are so warmly attached to their former king, your noble father, and the father of us all, if I may dare call him so, that we know his tastes, his habits, his likings and dislikings, just as we do those of our natural parents; and knowing this, yesterday I spent the little I possessed in buying from an old Spaniard what remained to him of the snuff. I have filled the box with it, and I think, princess, that you will have much pleasure in presenting your royal father with what he likes so much."

"Is it scented?" inquired Maria.

"I do not offer your highness a specimen," replied the false merchant, opening the box, but holding it at a distance from the ladies, "because it is very powerful—very powerful; it would get into your head, particularly into that of a young person. It requires the solid brain of a man in the prime of life to bear a pinch."

"How much is the box and the snuff?" demanded the princess.

"Will not your highness take all?" inquired the merchant.

"Yes. How much are they altogether?" said the princess with a complacent look into the interior of the basket.

"Going to buy all! How can you think of it, dear princess!" interrupted the governess. "Did you not yesterday give to two poor children, who were crying with cold, all the money you had except that beautiful louis d'or with the effigy of the young king of France, Louis XV., and which you prize so much, that you would buy nothing this week in order not to spend it?"

"But, dear Mockzinska," said the princess with the coaxing look that so well became her almost infantine youthfulness of expression, "only think what a delight to give my father some of that Spanish snuff, which he is so fond of! And I think this porcelain so pretty, that if the young man will let me have the whole for my louis—"

"That is exactly what Monsieur Levi, a toy-merchant, offered me yesterday morning," said the young Mikael, believing, by the help of this lie, to make the princess more eager to buy.

"And you refused it?" said the princess.

"Yes, madame; but I will not refuse you," replied Mikael; "for since I may choose, I would much rather have you for a customer. So here is my basket."

"No, keep it," replied the princess, "while I go for the money."

The princess and her governess now re-entered the castle, leaving the pretended Pole waiting for them. He was sauntering about the gate, when suddenly his look became fixed, and his countenance assumed a strange expression; and though the bargain had been concluded, and he on the point of receiving his money, he snatched up his basket and disappeared at full speed.

The person who had thus caused his alarm was a poor beggar woman, well known in all Weissenburg, not less for her honesty than her poverty.

The princess soon returned with the beautiful louis d'or, and was gazing upon it as it sparkled upon her white glove, as we gaze on a beloved object we are to see no more, when, raising her eyes to address the merchant, she found that both merchant and porcelain had vanished.



She looked around in surprise, but perceiving only the old beggar woman, she called her. "My good mother," said she, "do you know where a lad who was selling porcelain is gone—he was here not a moment ago!"

"I have seen no one," replied the poor woman in a tone so expressive of extreme weakness, that the princess felt moved to the bottom of her heart.

"What is the matter with you, my good woman?" said she kindly.

"Cold and hunger," replied the beggar.

"Dear Mockzinska," said the princess, turning to her governess, "go, I beg of you, and desire something to be brought here for this poor woman."

"I am indeed very poor, and much to be pitied," replied the beggar, whilst Mockzinska went away; "but nevertheless I should not complain, madame, if I suffered alone."

"You have children, then?" demanded Maria.

"Two, madame—a son and daughter. My son!—may God give him grace to walk in the right way! As to my daughter, she is dying."

"Of what?" demanded the princess, her heart quite touched.

"Of want, madame. That is the sickness which kills most surely, and kills in the most cruel manner—slowly and hopelessly."

"How shocking!" exclaimed the princess, clasping her hands. "And how old is she?"

"The same age as our young king, Louis XV., madame," replied the beggar. "She was born on the same day as he, the 15th of February 1710. She was ten years old to-day."

"And can anything be done for her, my good woman?" replied the princess. "Perhaps good air and wholesome food?"

"Good air!—we live in a cellar. Wholesome food!—all we have to eat is the offal of the streets! and we have not even sufficient covering for her poor little body, which is quite blue with the cold."

"Here—oh here, my good mother," said the princess; and forgetting the porcelain, forgetting the romantic interest she attached to the *louis-d'or*, she put it into the hand of the old beggar. "Here, this is all I have. Oh, poor creature, how you must suffer at seeing your daughter dying before your eyes!"

"Am I to have all this?" demanded the beggar, whom the sight of the gold now in her hand seemed to overwhelm with astonishment—"all this!"

"Alas! it is very little for so much wretchedness," said the princess.

"Oh, my good princess!" exclaimed the beggar with a burst of gratitude, "may God bless you—and he will bless you! You deserve to be queen of France!"

"Where do you live?" inquired the princess.

"At No. 3 of the old street of the Arcade," said the poor woman.

At this moment Mockzinska returned, followed by a servant carrying something to eat, which he gave to the beggar.

"Will you permit me not to eat it myself?" demanded she.

"Just as you please. Take it where you like, and you may expect to see me to-day."

The old woman did not need a second bidding, but went away, calling down the blessings of Heaven on the compassionate princess.

"Here is the porcelain, your highness," said the voice of the pretended pedlar, who now reappeared.

"My good friend, I advise you to carry them to M. Levi. I have just disposed of my last *louis-d'or*," said the princess.

So fierce an expression overspread the features of Mikael, that the princess recoiled almost in terror; but, in the unsuspicious goodness of her nature, she accounted for it by the thought that the destitution he had told her of must have rendered the disappointment a severe one; and she hastened to add, "If you do not sell them to M. Levi, return to-morrow, and I will see what I can do."

"I will return to-morrow!" said Mikael in a tone which almost sounded like a threat.

Mikael, as it may be supposed, carried the porcelain to no toy-merchant; so that the next day, at the appointed hour, he appeared at the castle, the asylum granted to the unfortunate king of Poland by the Regent of France. This time, instead of the princess, he only saw a valet, who spoke gruffly to him, and did not waste much pains in softening his message.

"The princess neither can nor will buy your porcelain; so be off with yourself."

"It is as bad for you as for me; for I intended to have shared the profits with you," replied Mikael.

"On second thoughts, you may come back to-morrow," said the valet, seduced by this unexpected offer. "The princess has no money to-day, but to-morrow she will have some; for the Princess Palatine, her grandmother, fills her purse whenever she knows it is empty."

The next day Mikael was again punctual at the same place. This time the princess had gone out, and was not to return till dinner-time. Mikael took up his basket, and again went away; but as he was gloomily crossing a street, which led out of the town, a neighbour accosted him.

"Mikael, how comes it that you have not been near your mother for the last three days?"

"I had something better to do," answered Mikael gruffly.

"Oh, is that the way with you?" replied the neighbour. "Well, if you wish to know what has been going on at home, go and see. Strange things. Enough; that is all I have to say to you."

Though Mikael now eagerly called on him to explain himself, his neighbour went off whistling, and without seeming to hear him. These words: "Strange things have been going on at home," went to the heart of the youth. He thought it was some new misery; for, like all persons brought up in the school of misfortune, he anticipated nothing else. "Was his mother ill? or had his sister sunk under the malady which had so long undermined her health?" And with every thought fixed upon them both—for the heart of Mikael was not yet so wholly corrupt as to be destitute of natural affection—he took the way to the city, and hastened to the abode of his mother.

It was the underground story of a house, built in so narrow a street, that the cheerful sunbeams could never find admission. As he set foot on the threshold of the house, a child playing near called out—"Mikael, your mother has removed. She lives now in the street opening upon the fields, down there, near the garden. Oh, it is so nice! Run, man, and see it!"

Astounded by this intelligence, which he could hardly understand, Mikael did not make up his mind to repair to the place pointed out to him by the child till perfectly assured that his mother no longer inhabited her old residence; and even then, he hesitated as he approached it, hardly believing that it was really the dwelling of his poor mother. Notwithstanding the snow which covered the ground, and hung from the shrubs like so many white and crystal tear-drops, the good order of the garden, and the beauty of the fruit-trees, were easily dis-

cernible. Then the house, small as it was, had an air of neatness and simplicity, the best substitute for elegance, and nearly as attractive. Suddenly he heard himself called.

"Well, Mikael, what are you doing there?" and a young child, still pale, but with eyes sparkling with happiness, appeared at the door.

It was his sister Louisa, who was so ill only three days ago, that she had to be supported while getting a drink, and now she was walking alone and unaided.

"Louisa!" exclaimed he, darting towards her, "what miracle is this?"

"A miracle, indeed, dear Mikael," replied the child; "an angel has visited us. 'Wont you come in?' added she, drawing her brother into one division of the house, which served as a kitchen, and making him sit down by a good fire, on which a pot was boiling. 'Look, all this is ours—mamma's and yours, and mine. All this has been given us by a young lady, who went on seeing our old house, and said, 'I could not have believed it possible that there was such wretchedness in the world.' Yesterday she brought us here in a fine carriage, and we were expecting her again to-day, as she promised to come."

"Oh, is that you, my son?" said an old woman, coming out of a neighbouring apartment. "Louisa has told you all our happiness. But what have you there?" added she, pointing to the basket, which Mikael continued to hold in his hand.

"It is china, which has been given me to sell," replied Mikael.

"And that is what has kept you these three days from your mother, my son?" said she in that tone of tender reproach which, from the lips of a parent, is almost a caress.

Before Mikael had time to invent a falsehood, as probably he would have done, a carriage stopped at the door of the house, from which alighted a young girl, who ran across the garden with a step so light, that it scarcely left its trace upon the snow, and entering the kitchen, darted towards the fire. "Oh, how cold it is!" said she. She was followed by an old lady, who also approached the fire, but without speaking. On the appearance of these two ladies, Mikael made a movement as if to run away; but the youngest having perceived him, prevented him by saying, "Well, my little porcelain merchant, have you concluded your bargain with M. Levi?"

"No, madame," replied he, stammering.

"What! princess, you know my son?" inquired the poor woman.

"What! this child of Poland your son?" demanded in her turn the princess. Then seeing the confusion of the son, and the anger of the mother, the kind heart of the princess came to the aid of both.

"I guess it all, Mother Jalsen," added she. "You must forgive him, as I do. Nothing can excuse a falsehood; but it may be some palliation of his, that he had recourse to it to get bread for you; and I suppose his story about his porcelain and M. Levi was like the rest. Well, I trust it may be a lesson to him; for if he had told me the truth, and had not led me to think that he had so certain a sale for them that my not buying them did him no injury—if he had but said to me, 'My mother is dying of hunger, and my sister of disease,' I should have given my *louis d'or* to him as well as to you, Mother Jalsen; but I will say no more. So, then, your porcelain is not sold?" added Maria, observing the basket.

"Alas! no, madame," said Mikael.

"My son!—my son!" cried Mother Jalsen sorrowfully; "for some time you have not been steady; you keep bad company; you no longer work at the currier's with whom I placed you. What are you doing? where do you go to? and where did you get that porcelain, which I never saw before?"

"From a friend—from a real Pole," said Mikael, with his eyes cast down; in his shame and embarrassment trying to avoid every eye.

"Then as your friend's position remains unaltered, he is still in want: is it not so?" demanded the princess.

"Yes, yes!" said Mikael.

"Fortunately I am just rich enough to make many happy," said Maria gaily. "The Princess Palatine, my grandmother, having heard yesterday from the gossiping of my people, and a little also, I believe, from that of dear Mockzinska," added Maria, smiling archly at her governess, "how it fared with my poor purse, which I empty so often, has been good enough to fill it; so I can buy the porcelain of your Polish friend. At all events, I must have the snuff-box for my father," continued the princess; and going to the basket, and uncovering it she took out, one by one, the articles, and laid them on the table. "I will give the bowl to the Princess Palatine, the six cups to my dear mother—"

"And what for yourself?" demanded Mockzinska.

"Oh, as to me, I shall be quite content if my father will give me a pinch of his good Spanish snuff."

As she uttered these words, Maria had taken the snuff-box, opened it, and was putting it to her nose, when Mikael, who for some minutes had been uneasily watching every motion of the princess, darted towards her, and pale, palpitating, and as if beside himself, snatched it from her hands, and threw it into the fire. Then, as if terrified at what he had done, remained standing breathless and motionless.

"What can be the meaning of this?" cried in different tones each spectator of the scene. The princess alone said nothing. Indignant, but proudly calm, she sought to read, in his forehead and eye, the secret which made that scowling brow droop before her gaze.

"Speak, young man," said Mockzinska to Mikael; "what motive that we do not understand has led you to fail in respect to the daughter of the most unfortunate, as well as of the most virtuous of monarchs?"

"Are you mad, my son?" said the mother in a tone of deep sorrow.

"Brother," murmured Louisa, "it is the Princess Maria—the angel who cured me."

"Speak, Mikael; I command you!" said Maria. There was such an energy of authority in the tone of the young girl, that Mikael fell on his knees, hid his face in his hands, and bursting into tears, cried, "I am a wretch, a monster; I deserve death in all its torture. Whilst she was saving my mother, and curing my sister—whilst she was giving us health, joy, and happiness—I—I was carrying to her death and desolation!"

"Wretched boy! that snuff was poisoned, and you intended it for my father, and fixed upon my hands to offer it to him!" cried Maria, and she would have fallen, had not Mockzinska caught her in her arms.

"Oh! it cannot be—in cannot be!" exclaimed the poor mother in accents of despair.

"Answer, Mikael," said Maria, regaining a little composure.

"It is too true!" said Mikael, still quailing under the fixed look of the princess.

"It is true!" repeated the princess, clasping her hands—"it is true you wished to kill my father! But who has incited you? Say—has this man, so just, unknowingly committed any act of injustice towards you? Has this man,



so noble, trampled upon you, because you are weak! Has this monarch, so unfortunate, visited upon you his misfortunes? Speak—speak, sir! How did my father ever wrong you?"

"Never, madame. But—oh! I ask not pity for myself—but for the sake of my mother, my young sister, hear me!" cried Mikael, throwing himself at the feet of Maria. "The man who tempted me to do this dreadful deed, drove me almost mad by perpetually saying, 'Whilst Stanislaus lives, your mother, your sister, and yourself will suffer cold and hunger.'"

"Then who were these men?" demanded Maria, restraining her indignation in order to learn and defeat the plots of her father's enemies.

"I am quite ignorant of their names, their rank, or their number," replied Mikael; "but to-morrow I am to meet him who, for the last eight days, has been my evil genius, under the walls of the castle, outside the Gothic window of your royal father's room. You now know all I know myself, princess. As to asking your pardon, it is useless; my doom is fixed, my life is forfeited, sold either way."

"Fear not; I take you under my protection; no harm shall happen you," said the princess. "But I must return to the castle. My father, my good father, so noble, so good, so virtuous! Oh, may a gracious Providence bestow on you the reward of your virtues!"

"He has already bestowed it on him, in giving you to him, dear princess," said Mother Jolson weeping. "Have you not already been his preserver by the very act of loading us with benefits?"

"I have indeed been rewarded for what I have been able to do for you," said the princess, wiping her beautiful eyes, still wet with tears. "Oh let us hasten back to the castle, Mockzinska; after the danger my father has been in, I long as much to see him as if we had been parted for years."

Thus the life of Stanislaus was once more saved; I say once more, because this was the third plot to assassinate him. The first attempt was by a barber, who, having undertaken to kill him, ran away, leaving the king with the napkin round his neck, and his race covered with lather; the second was defeated by a plot still more artfully contrived; and this third and last was the forerunner of an event overwhelming the family of Stanislaus with joy.

The treaty of marriage between Louis XV. and the infant of Spain having been broken off, the ministers of the boy-king sought everywhere for the princess most likely to render Louis happy; and after some consideration, they decided on Maria Leszcinska.

Stanislaus still inherited Weissenburg, when proposals for her hand were made to him through the Cardinal de Rohan, bishop of Strasburg. He repaired immediately to the chamber of his wife, who was employed at needlework.

"Let us kneel down and thank God," said he as he entered.

"Father!" exclaimed Maria, "you are reinstated on the throne of Poland!"

"Oh, my daughter!" replied the dethroned king, "Heaven has been much more propitious to us—for you are queen of France!"

The nuptials were celebrated at Fontainebleau on the 5th of September 1725.

She had scarcely been six months on the throne, when she wrote thus to her father:—"I hope, my dear papa, that you will not keep me waiting longer for what you promised. Mark out clearly all my duties for me: tell me all my faults. You know me better than I know myself. Be my guiding angel. I am indeed sure that by following you I shall never go astray; but I cannot answer for what I may do if I depend only upon my own poor understanding. It seems as if everybody was pleased with me. I do not judge by what is spoken, for that is but flattery; but it seems as if every face was lit up with joy at my approach, and that gives me pleasure. Praise be to our gracious God for all! My dear papa, I am sure you will pray to Him for the king and me."

MARIA.

Her father hastened to send her the advice she had solicited, and which was dictated by the most rational tenderness and the most enlightened wisdom; and by conforming to it, she acquired amongst her French people the title of the 'Good Queen.' It is pleasing to add that Stanislaus, on abdicating his claim to the throne of Poland in 1736, obtained the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, where, till his death, he reigned in the affections of the people as 'Stanislaus the Beneficent.'

## TANCRED; OR, THE NEW CRUSADE.

By B. Disraeli, Esq.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

As we last week indicated, Tancred closes accounts with that "poor, dear, middle-aged, deserving, accomplished, pedantic, and painstaking governor, Europe" (as 'Eothen,' hath it) at the end of the first volume. "The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet" at the beginning of Chapter the First, Volume 2:—and from this point we are in "the rare land of the East," among its wonders and mysteries. Waiving the question how far that may not be a poor and meagre imagination which without pyramids, palm trees, camels, turbans, and minarets can find no field for thought nor arena for energy—how far such a champion as Tancred, who commands a special lighting-up of the Holy Sepulchre, differs from a child wandering about behind the scenes of a theatre, to whom the vases are all true gold, and the tall trees entwined with roses real: casting away, in short, all sober sense and seriousness, let us freely give ourselves up to the tale-teller; who becomes, whenever it pleases him, as lyrical as he was in 'Alroy'; as extravagant as when he wore Esser George's suit of motly; as pompously prophetic as in the 'Revolutionary Epick'; as superabundantly dramatic as in the strongest scene of 'Alarcos.' In short, nobody need proceed with the romance of Tancred's life—after he parts from Lady Bertie and Bellair—who is not prepared to "go all lengths" and accept every conceivable improbability.

Ducal caution will not permit the heir of Bellamont to travel without his suite. Accordingly, a clergyman, a physician, and a led captain are pinned to him. Of these Tancred disengages himself with the utmost coolness as soon as he arrives at Jerusalem; giving himself up, in preference, to his Italian attendant, Baroni,—who describes, somewhat drily, the manner in which the several members of the party contrive to find for themselves entertainment and occupation:

"Be not alarmed, my lord; they are amused. The colonel never quits the consulate; dines there every day, and tells stories about the Peninsular war and the Bellamont cavalry, just as he did on board; Mr. Bernard is always with the English bishop, who is delighted to have an addition to his congregation, which is not too much, consisting of his own family, the English and Prussian consuls, and five Jews, whom they have converted at twenty piasres a week; but I know they are going to strike for wages. As for the doctor, he

has not a minute for himself. The governor's wife has already sent for him; he has been admitted to the harem; has felt all their pulses without seeing any of their faces, and his medicine chest is in danger of being exhausted before your lordship requires its aid."

Meanwhile, Tancred slips away to Bethany—falls asleep in an enchanted garden, with "a countenance which in the sweet dignity of its blended beauty and stillness might have become an archangel"—and is surprised thus sleeping by such a Lady! They fall into love and theology at first sight; discuss Mariolatry (as the jargon of the day styles it) and other matters no less serious; and afterwards dine together off tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl dishes served on trays of ebony by "little grinning negro pages." On his way home to Jerusalem, Tancred is crossed by the one creation in the book—since all the Londoners in the first volume, it is already rumoured, are so clearly referable to originals among Mr. Disraeli's friends and enemies as the personages in 'Henrietta Temple' or 'Coningsby.' Emir Fakreddeen of Lebanon, however, can hardly be a full-length, or silhouette, or daguerreotype of Lord This or Sir That or Mr. Tother. How far he may be true to life, we leave Mr. Milnes, Mr. Warburton, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and other expert Orientalists to determine. In any case, he is true to humanity—a Being of the Mind; complete, substantial, selfish, self-sufficient, attractive, intriguing, childish, cunning, imaginative, capricious;—for whose coming we wait—whose talk persuades us—and whose stratagems amuse us. He is as deep in debt, and as deep in expedients to escape its pinching consequences, as any of the rare phalanx who figured in 'The Young Duke.' Having "a protested bill or two" to provide for, he hits upon the idea of satisfying a principal creditor by throwing in his way "the brother of the Queen of England"—who was to draw on banker Besso for the golden lions on the steps of Solomon's throne! And as Tancred must needs go to see Mount Sinai, the Emir manages that a predatory tribe shall pounce upon him and bear him, bound, to the Sheikh Amalek. But the Sheikh—like Monte-Christo's ally, Luigi Vampa—robs like a gentleman. The detention turns out to be only one adventure the more. Emir Fakreddeen—like Rashleigh in 'Rob Roy'—is compelled by the Die Vernon of Bethany to "turn up" for the purpose of undoing the mischief he had done. He becomes fascinated "by the Queen's brother," and they run up a huge intimacy. The Sheikh is kindly and civil. Even Tancred's body-guard—two English servants (when ever before had Crusader two valets to tie his neckcloth or scent his cambric pocket-handkerchief!)—do not fare uncomfortably:—

"At this moment there was some little disturbance without the tent, which it seems was occasioned by the arrival of Tancred's servants, Freeman and Trueman. These excellent young men persisted in addressing the Arabs in the native English, and, though we cannot for a moment believe that they fancied themselves understood, still, from a mixture of pride and perverseness peculiarly British, they continued their valuable discourse as if every word told, or if not apprehended, was a striking proof of the sheer stupidity of their new companions. The noise became louder and louder, and at length Freeman and Trueman entered. 'Well,' said Tancred, 'and how have you been getting on?'—'Well, my lord, I don't know,' said Freeman, 'with a sort of jolly sneer; 'we have been dining with the savages.' 'They are not savages, Freeman.—' 'Well, my lord, they have not much more clothes, anyhow; and, as for knives and forks, there is not such a thing known.'—'As for that, there was not such a thing as a fork in England little more than two hundred years ago, and we were not savages then; for the best part of Montacute Castle was built long before that time.'—'I wish we were there, my lord.—I dare say you do; however, we must make the best of present circumstances. I wanted to know, in the first place, whether you had food; as for lodging, Mr. Baroni, I dare say, will manage something for you; and if not, you had better quarter yourselves by the side of this tent. With your own cloaks and mine, you will manage very well.' 'Thank you, my lord. We have brought your lordship's things with us. I don't know what I shall do to-morrow about your lordship's boots. The savages have got hold of the bottle of blacking and have been drinking it like anything.' 'Never mind my boots,' said Tancred; 'we have got other things to think of now.' 'I told them what it was,' said Freeman, 'but they went on just the same.' 'Obstinate dogs!' said Tancred. 'I think they took it for wine, my lord,' said Trueman. 'I never see such ignorant creatures.'—'You find now the advantage of a good education, Trueman.' 'Yes, my lord, we do, and feel very grateful to your lordship's honoured mother for the same. When we came down out of the mountains and see those blazing fires, if I didn't think they were going to burn us alive, unless we changed our religion. I said the catechism as hard as I could the whole way, and felt as much like a blessed martyr as could be.'—'Well, well,' said Tancred, 'I dare say they will spare our lives. I cannot much assist you here; but if there be anything you particularly want, I will try and see what can be done.' Freeman and Trueman looked at each other, and their speaking faces held common consultation. At length, the former, with some slight hesitation, said, 'We don't like to be troublesome, my lord, but if your lordship would ask for some sugar for us—we cannot drink their coffee without sugar.'"

In a few days Tancred is "enlarged" allowed to go to Sinai: and is attacked on the way by a new enemy—no Sheikh this time, but sickness—a raging fever. This comes to the knowledge of "the beautiful daughter of Besso." She arrives at the crisis; and, like Christabel's mother, makes "a wine of wild flowers," which procures sleep for the new Crusader, and saves his life or reason—possibly both. By the good management, also of this

—second Queen of Sheba in her craft,

Tancred yets off on very easy terms; and starts for the Castle of Canobia on Lebanon, with the Emir; who hopes to make his new friendship with Queen Victoria's brother "pay" in furtherance of his political schemes and in relief of his financial disorders! There are jolly doings of their rough kind at Canobia, in honour of the guest; firing of guns, a hunt, and a great dinner—not so delicate, quite, as the Lady of Bethany's, but by no means a despicable repast.

"The kitchen of Canobia was on a grand scale, though simple as it was vast. It was formed for the occasion. About fifty square pits, some four feet in length, and about half as deep, had been dug on the table-land in the vicinity of the castle. At each corner of each pit was a stake, and the four supported a rustic gridiron of green wood, suspended over each pit, which was filled with charcoal, and which yielded an equal and continuous heat to the animal roasting on the gridiron; in some instances a wild boar, in others a sheep—occasionally a couple of gazelles.

"The sheep had been skinned, for there had been time for the operation; but the game had only been split open, cleared out, and laid on its back, with its feet tied to each of the stakes, so as to retain its position. While this roasting was going on, they filled the stomachs of the animals with lemons gashed with



their daggers, and bruised pomegranates, whose fragrant juice, uniting with the bubbling fat, produced an aromatic and rosy gravy. The huntsmen were the cooks, but the greatest order was preserved; and though the Emirs and the great Sheikhs, heads of houses, retiring again into their divans, occupied themselves with their nargillies, many a Mookatadgi mixed with the servants and the slaves, and delighted in preparing this patriarchal banquet, which indeed befitted a castle and a forest. Within the walls they prepared rice, which they piled on brazen and pewter dishes, boiled gallons of coffee, and stewed the liver of the wild boars and the gazelles in golden wine of Lebanon. The way they dined was this. Fakredeem had his carpet spread on the marble floor of his principal saloon, and the two Caimacams, Tancred and Bishop Nicodemus, Said Djinblat, the heads of the houses of Djzebek, Talhook and Abdel Malek, Hamood Abuneked, and five Maronite chieftains of equal consideration, the emirs of the house of Shehaab, the Habeish, and Cldadah, were invited to sit with him. Round the chamber which opened to the air, other chieftains were invited to spread their carpets also; the centre was left clear. The rest of the Sheikhs and Mookatadgis themselves in small parties, grouped in the same fashion, in the great court and under the arcades, taking care to leave free egress and regress to the fountain. The retainers feasted when all was over in the open air. Every man found his knife in his girdle, forks were unknown. Fakredeem prided himself on his French porcelain, which the Djinblats, the Talhooks, and the Abunekeds, glanced at very queerly. This European luxury was confined to his own carpet. There was, however, a considerable supply of Egyptian earthenware, and dishes of pewter and brass. The retainers, if they required a plate, found one in the large flat barley cake with which each was supplied. For the principal guests there was no want of coarse goblets of Bohemian glass: delicious water abounded in vases of porous pottery, which might be blended, if necessary, with the red or white wine of the mountain. The rice, which had been dressed with a savoury sauce, was eaten with wooden spoons by those who were supplied with these instruments; but in general the guests served themselves by handfals. Ten men brought in a frame-work of oaken branches placed transversely, then covered with twigs, and over these, and concealing everything, a bed, fully an inch thick, of mulberry leaves. Upon this fragrant bier reposed a wild boar; and on each side of him reclined a gazelle. Their bodies had closed the moment their feet had been loosened from the stakes, so that the gravy was contained within them. It required a most skilful carver not to waste the precious liquid. The chamber was filled with an invigorating odour as the practised hand of Habas of Deir el Kamar proceeded to the great performance. His instruments were a silver cup, a poniard, and a hand-jar. Making a small aperture in the side of the animal, he adroitly introduced the cup, and proportionately baled out the gravy to a group of plates that were extended to him; then, plunging in the long poniard on which he rested, he made an incision with the keen edge and broad blade of the hand-jar, and sent forth slice after slice of white fat and ruby flesh."

From Canobia Tancred moves on to Damascus; where he again meets Eva of Bethany, in the midst of a family party including her betrothed husband Hillel Besso. He is present, too, at the Feast of Tabernacles; the description of which is one of the most brilliant passages in the book.

"It is easy for the happier Sephardim, the Hebrews who have never quitted the sunny regions that are laved by the Midland Ocean—it is easy for them, though they have lost their heritage, to sympathize, in their beautiful Asian cities or in their Moorish and Arabian gardens, with the graceful rites that are, at least, an homage to a benignant nature. But picture to yourself the child of Israel in the dingy suburbs or the squalid quarter of some bleak northern town, where there is never a sun that can at any rate ripen grapes. Yet he must celebrate the vintage of purple Palestine! The law has told him, though a denizen in an icy clime, that he must dwell for seven days in a bower, and that he must build it of the boughs of thick trees; and the Rabbins have told him that these thick trees are the palm, the myrtle, and the weeping willow. Even Sarmatia may furnish a weeping willow. The law has told him that he must pluck the fruit of goodly trees, and the Rabbins have explained that goodly fruit on this occasion is confined to the citron. Perhaps, in his despair, he is obliged to fly for the candied delicacies of the grocer. His mercantile connexions will enable him, often at considerable cost, to procure some palm leaves from Canaan, which he may wave in his synagogue while he exclaims, as the crowd did when the divine descendant of David entered Jerusalem, 'Hosannah in the highest!' \* \* Conceive a being born and bred in the Judenstrasse of Hamburg or Frankfurt, or rather in the purlieus of our Houndsditch or Minories, born to hereditary insult, without any education, apparently without a circumstance that can develop the slightest taste or cherish the least sentiment for the beautiful, living amid fogs and filth, never treated with kindness, seldom with justice, occupied with the meanest, if not the vilest, toil, bargaining for frippery, speculating usury, existing for ever under the concurrent influence of degrading causes which would have worn out long ago any race that was not of the unmixed blood of Caucasus, and did not adhere to the laws of Moses—conceive such a being, an object to you of prejudice, dislike, disgust, perhaps hatred. The season arrives, and the mind and heart of that being are filled with images and passions that have been ranked in all ages among the most beautiful and the most genial of human experience; filled with a subject the most vivid, the most graceful, the most joyous, and exuberant—a subject which has inspired poets and which has made gods—the harvest of the grape in the native regions of the Vine. He rises in the morning, goes early to some Whitechapel market, purchases some willow boughs for which he has previously given a commission, and which are brought probably from one of the neighbouring rivers of Essex, hastens home, cleans out the yard of his miserable tenement, builds his bower, decks it, even profusely, with the finest flowers and fruits that he can procure, the myrtle and the citron never forgotten, and hangs its roof with variegated lamps. After the service of his synagogue, he sups late with his wife and his children in the open air, as if he were in the pleasant villages of Galilee, beneath its sweet and starry sky. \* \* In the meantime, a burst of music sounds from the gardens of Besso of Damascus. He advances and invites Tancred and the Emir to follow him, and, without any order or courtesy to the softer sex, who on the contrary follow in the rear, the whole company step out of the Saracenic windows into the gardens. The mansion of Besso, which was of great extent, appeared to be built in their midst. No other roof or building was in any direction visible, yet the house was truly in the middle of the city, and the umbrageous plane trees alone produced that illimitable air which is always so pleasing and effective. The house, though lofty for an eastern mansion, was only one story in height, yet its front was covered with an external and double staircase. This, after a promenade in the garden, the guests approached and mounted. It led to the roof or terrace of the house, which was of great size, an oblong square, and which again was a garden. Myrtle trees of a considerable height, and fragrant with many flowers, were ar-

anged in close order along the four sides of this roof, forming a barrier which no eye from the city beneath or any neighbouring terrace could penetrate. This verdant bulwark, however, opened at each corner of the roof, which was occupied by a projecting pavilion of white marble, a light cupola of chequered carving supported by wreathed columns. From these pavilions the most charming views might be obtained of the city and the surrounding country: Damascus itself a varied mass of dark green groves, white minarets, bright gardens, and hooded domes; to the south and east, at the extremity of its rich plain, the glare of the desert; to the west the ranges of the Lebanon; while the city was backed on the north by other mountain regions which Tancred had not yet penetrated. In the centre of the terrace was a temporary structure of a peculiar character. It was nearly forty feet long, half as many broad, and proportionately lofty. Twelve palm trees clustering with ripe fruit, and each of which seemed to spring from a flowering hedge of myrtles, supported a roof, formed with much artifice of the braided boughs of trees. These, however, only furnished an invisible framework, from which were suspended the most beautiful and delicious fruits, citron and pomegranate, orange, and fig, and banana, and melon, in such thickness and profusion that they formed, as it were, a carved ceiling of rich shades and glowing colours, like the Saracenic ceiling of the mansion, while enormous bunches of grapes every now and then descended like pendants from the main body of the roof. The spaces between the palm trees were filled with a natural trellis work of orange trees in fruit and blossom, leaving at intervals arches of entrance, whose form was indicated by bunches of the sweetest and rarest flowers. Within was a banqueting table covered with thick white damask silk, with a border of gold about a foot in breadth, and before each guest was placed a napkin of the same fashion. The table however lacked none of the conveniences and luxuries and even ornaments of Europe. What can withstand the united influence of taste, wealth, and commerce? The choicest porcelain of France golden goblets chiselled in Bond Street, and the prototypes of which had perhaps been won at Goodwood or Ascot, mingled with the rarest specimens of the glass of Bohemia, while the triumphant blades of Sheffield flashed in that very Syrian city whose skill in cutlery had once been a proverb. Around the table was a divan of amber-coloured satin, with many cushions, so arranged that the guests might follow either the Oriental or the European mode of seating themselves. Such was the bower or tabernacle of Besso of Damascus, prepared to celebrate the seventh day of his vintage feast."

But Damascus, even, and the company of Eva of Bethany, cannot satisfy our Pilgrim in search of—Mr. Disraeli does not say *what*. He hears of the Queen of the Ansarey—a strange race living up among the hills, who let in no strangers; and after sending up his compliments by a carrier pigeon, and (with Crusading truthfulness) allowing Baron his Dragoman to represent him as belonging to the race of the Lady whom he wishes to visit, he receives permission to wait upon her at Gindaries; makes an impression upon her at first sight—being thought very like Apollo!—and is permitted to witness the worship of the old original gods of Antioch laid by in grottoes. This, as Miggs says, "is Pagin!" A disaster to the Lady of Bethany on her route to Aleppo throws her into Queen Astarte's hands: and then comes the well-worn quartet of love that will go wrong—wounded feeling—jealousy and the like; in the progress of which Tancred shows all his nobleness, the Queen all her emotion, Eva all her delicacy, and Fakredeem all his meanness. The Emir seems ready at all times to marry everybody, and finding the Queen of England's brother in his path, and being rather "kept on the stretch" in his company,—takes the narrow way of traducing him and making off with the lovely Rose of Sharon. But no one need be made in the least uneasy by this; since that happens which any child might foresee—namely, that the third volume ends with the Lady of Bethany at home again and the wondrously impassioned duett which always announces the approach of "*felicita*" to close the opera. Mr. Disraeli, however, is no common novelist. Just when we are fancying that all is over, a disturbance is heard "behind the scenes"—for which grown We were not prepared; the Crusader's substantial father and anxious mother arrive at Jerusalem; and the tale of his wanderings is left—like

The adventure of the Bear and Fiddle—

to be resumed, possibly, on some future day!

The absurdity of this novel has been too strong for us. To treat it gravely was impossible; since the above skeleton of its incidents must have satisfied the reader that no attempt at coherence or probability in managing the story has been made. But we are not among those who look for either the one or the other at Mr. Disraeli's hands. He *will* get the ear of the public—*will* attack somebody or something—*will* sport all manner of paradoxes and exaggerations—*will* put his visiting book in print. And these things announced and allowed for, and all expectation of literary seriousness or sincerity being laid aside ere we begin to read,—we know few more entertaining companions for a passing half hour than he; and little nonsense in the midst of which, so many diamond sparks of genius are imbedded, as in this 'New Crusade.'

## NATURE AT WAR.

THIRD ARTICLE.

I have described the wise and complicated provisions against danger from without with which the system of created beings has been endowed; but it must be observed that a great portion of the weapons thus catalogued as mere defensive instruments, become, with equal facility, powerful organs of offence; and according to the circumstances, habits, or emergencies, may be used at all times in subservience to either end. It is my business now to direct attention more particularly to the aggressions of the animal kingdom—to that which, in a few words, may be designated as the system of prey. Before, it was the implements of conflict and protection; now, it is the warfare itself which is to be discussed. That the face of nature should be found, on a due examination, to be stained with blood and deformed with civil war: that it should be an ordinance of creation that the life of one should depend upon the death of another creature; that this green world should be the great theatre in which myriads of bloody dramas are daily enacted—all this, as has been remarked formerly, is sufficiently startling to him who holds narrow views of the system which governs our world. Yet I must be content to leave its defence for a future occasion, while it is my endeavour at present to trace still further the wisdom and design of the Creator of all things in the development of the second feature of our interesting subject. In considering it attentively, it will be found to resolve itself into two great divisions, to which almost all examples are reducible; these are *stratagetic* and *open warfare*.

I shall commence with *stratagems*. Of all predatory devices, that which involves the greatest apparent amount of superior sagacity in the *trap* or *snare*. It is a curious subject for reflection to find one creature thus employing its apparently superior intelligence to effect the destruction of some less gifted or differently gifted one; but the fact that, in preparing these devices, the crea-



ture is only acting in obedience to an impulse with which it has been endowed, and is consequently displaying no really higher amount of sagacity than that of the bird in preparing its nest, the rabbit its burrow, the bee its cell, divests it of that undue claim upon our surprise with which the enthusiastic among the lovers of natural history would endow it. Traps and gins are not, however, by any means common artifices; but the interest which naturally attaches to such instances, wherever they exist, outbalances their deficiency in numerical variety. In the formation of these traps, the most wonderful evidences of engineering and mathematical capabilities are to be found united to a heroic patience under difficulties, and perseverance against obstacles, which might well read a moral lesson to mankind. The pitfall is a stratagem of this nature. The larva of a particular species of beetle, the *cicindela*, hollows out for itself a den which in some measure acts as a trap for all unwary insects that draw near it. The insect, after choosing an appropriate soil, immediately applies itself to its work, and commences operations by scooping out the earth with its jaws and feet. These labours it continues until it has formed a cylindrical cavity twelve or eighteen inches deep, the bore of which is perpendicular. The laborious little workman, in making this excavation, is obliged to bring up load after load of earth, like a bricklayer his mortar, upon its head from the very bottom of the pit. When the depth of the pit is remembered, a proper value will be set upon the arduous nature of this travail: the poor insect, in fact, is frequently so exhausted, as to be compelled to rest upon its way up to recover strength to proceed; an event which has been foreseen, and to provide for which it has an apparatus somewhat like an anchor, by which it can hold on to the sides of the cavity. The *cicindela* then secures itself to the inside of the hole, near its entrance, its head exactly fitting the aperture, and forming a kind of trap-door to it. Here the insect, in philosophic patience, and with its terrible jaws widely expanded, awaits the arrival of its prey. A vagrant beetle, or a stray caterpillar, or a heedless ant, comes by-and-by, steps upon the insect's head, and is instantly seized by it, and hurled to the bottom of its gloomy den, whither the successful stratagist instantly follows, to reap the reward of its ingenuity and the fruits of its patient labour.

There is a more famous pit-digger, however, to be found in the ant-lion, the *Myrmaleon formicarius*; and here we shall find a far more refined subtlety at work. When it is in the larva state, it excavates a funnel shaped pit in the following manner. It seems to spend much care and thought in the selection of a proper spot, where the earth is dry, friable, and particularly where it is sandy; and this accomplished, it begins by describing a circle on the ground, the circumference of which is to be the limit of its trap. It then stations itself inside this line, and, with all the method of a human excavator, begins its work. It uses one of its fore legs as the spade, and shovels up by this means a tiny load of earth upon its head, tossing it thence to a distance of several inches from the outer margin of the trap. Working assiduously in this apparently awkward fashion, it proceeds backwards; and when it has completed the circle, it turns round, and beginning another inside the last, it works on until it comes to the same spot again; and so on alternately. By this simple means it never overworks either of its legs. It steadily proceeds in its labour, until at length a conical hole, varying from one to three inches in diameter, is formed. The labourer then buries his body at the bottom of the trap, being careful to leave only his jaws above the surface, and thus he lies waiting for the first windfall. The reader will find, in writings upon entomology, most captivating accounts of this creature's wonderful patience and adaptive skill, to which it is sufficient for me to refer him if he seeks to know more concerning it. When an insect approaches the margin of the den, a little shower of sand rolls down, and calls the ant-lion to the *qui vive*; a step farther, and the intruder stumbles over the edge, and tumbles down, in a cloud of dust, into the embrace of its ruthless enemy. It is then instantly seized in the powerful jaws of the ant-lion; its juices are sucked out; and when sated with the draught, the artful epicure places the dead dry carcase carefully on its head, and carts it out of the pit. Sometimes the victim makes a struggle for its life, and scrambles with the speed of terror up the treacherous sides of the den; but in this case the ant lion sends after it such volleys of sand, as usually bring the fugitive down again into its enemy's power.

These devices for entrapping prey are practised by insects generally possessed of very feeble locomotive powers, and appear otherwise incapable of obtaining a single mouthful of food. The ant-lion, for instance, cannot pursue its fleet-legged prey and is, in truth, altogether unable to move in any but a retrograde direction; but ample compensation is to be found in the success of his stratagem, which is in general so great, as to supply a very dainty creature with an abundance of that refined sort of sustenance in which it delights. The margins of these traps, all bestrewn as they are with the mangled carcases of the victims of this destroyer, remind one of the old fables of the giants who feasted upon human victims, and covered the plain in the vicinity of their dens with the bones and mangled remains of their unfortunate prey.

Next in order in this stratagetic warfare, we meet with the system of gins. But both it and the preceding are artifices almost confined to insect warfare. The spider's web may be taken as the type of such plans in general. In its structure, in its adaptation to situation and circumstances, and in its different degrees of strength, are to be found the sole varieties which we are to expect in this department. The nets are of many different kinds. Some, from the geometric accuracy of their lines, have received a correspondent title; some are woven with apparently no such rigid arrangement, but consist simply of threads intricately interlaced, forming a cloud-like fabric which no human art can imitate; some are suspended perpendicularly, their ends tied to the sprigs and leaves around; while others are laid horizontally, swinging like a hammock from a stalwart series of supporting blades of grass. There is a kind of spider, common enough in Britain, which, after carefully constructing its net, forms a delicate cell for its own concealment somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood, at the bottom of which it crouches down in expectation of its prey. Others cast forth and fasten down blue and delicate tacklings in an indiscriminate manner, trusting to chance to direct some insect against them. The lines of several kinds are covered with amazingly minute floccules of silk, which wrap round and firmly entangle any insect which casts itself against them. Among other varieties of spider network, is one which consists in a delicate purse-like cell forming the centre, from the margin of which several lines radiate in every direction. The spider places itself in this cell, taking hold of these lines; and as soon as an insect touches any portion of her tackling, rushes out of her concealment to the attack. Many of my readers must have seen, stretched upon the hedgerow, all glistening with drops of dew, a delicate whitish-looking net; this is the work of a spider which is concealed at the bottom of a silken covered way near its margin, where it 'bides its time.' Add to these the performances of the aeronautic spiders, about which so much has been, and remains to be, written, and the list of web-like devices may be called complete.

To turn to the artifice of baits. This is altogether confined to the higher orders of creatures, and is a rarity even among them. It is well known that monkeys, and it is related that the racoon, when driven by want of other food to prey upon crabs, insert their tails into the holes where the crab lives secure; upon which the victim fastens upon the bait with its claws, and the monkey immediately runs away, dragging the crab out of its cell up to the beach, when the ravisher breaks the shell and devours its contents. The ant-eater affords a remarkable illustration also of a similar ingenuity. This creature, on discovering an ant-hill, stamps and scratches upon it with its feet, and makes such a noise, as to draw forth thousands of its angry tenants. It is then said to conceal itself in the herbage, and thrust out its tongue, which is slimy, red, and about two feet long, into the midst of the swarm. The insects perceiving such a tempting morsel of red flesh within reach, crowd upon it, and cover it all over; and there they are held by the glairy viscosity of the tongue, and are drawn into the ant-eater's mouth and devoured. It is said that if the ants will not come out readily, the ant-eater will knock down their houses, and thrust his tongue into the thickest of the infuriated insects, being able to bid defiance to their attacks by reason of his impenetrable hide. Desmarest asserts that the *gulo*, or glutton will mount up trees, gather the lichen from them, and fling it down as a bait for the reindeer, upon whose neck it drops if the bait is successful. This is not credited, however, by other naturalists. Pliny says that the *Lophius piscatorius*, or sea-devil, buries itself in the mud, and leaves only its long beards to be seen above the surface; the smaller fish seize upon these as bait, and are immediately drawn into the angler's mouth. It is only fair to add that this still rests upon his authority alone.

Ambuscades are a far more common means of capture among all classes of the animal kingdom. Evelyn in his travels in Italy gives a most amusing account of the manoeuvres of a spider which he denominates a *hunter*, and stigmatises with being a kind of insect-wolf. The creature, it seems (which is also common in our gardens), on perceiving a fly at a little distance, would cautiously creep up to it, and after peeping over and carefully ascertaining the insect's position, would leap upon him like lightning, catch him in the fall, and never quit her hold until her belly was full. Lying in ambush is the customary resort of many carnivorous animals; thus the lion, tiger, panther, lynx, and many more of the feline tribe, bury themselves in the recesses of the bush or brake, or with a subtler cunning seek out some hiding-place near the water track of deer or cattle, and bound upon their quarry with a terrific war-whoop. Some of them climb up trees, and patiently rest upon their branches until the prey passes beneath, when they shoot down upon its back. The ichneumon, in embellishing whose natural history tentative talent has exhausted itself, is related to feign himself dead until his victim is within reach, when he pounces upon and destroys it. The wretched Egyptians adored this brute as a deity, from the service it rendered them in the destruction of the eggs of the crocodile. It used to be said that the ichneumon darted down the crocodile's throat, and destroyed it by devouring its entrails, and then ate its way out again! The cheetah and ounce, which are used in hunting the antelope, are the exact parallels of the venatorial spider. These creatures, when they perceive their prey in view, creep stealthily along the ground, concealing themselves carefully from sight, and when they have reached within leap of the head, they make several immense bounds, and dart in upon them.

This is a sketch of the types of the stratagetic warfare carried on in all portions of the kingdom of nature. A scene of blood and rapacity opens upon us when we turn to the other division of our subject—*open war*. Among all classes, to speak generally of the animal kingdom, there exists this division—carnivorous and herbivorous animal; some being partakers of both peculiarities, and therefore called omnivorous. One of these great classes subsists by making war upon its own department in creation; the other by preying upon the vegetable productions of the earth: and so intimate is the connexion between bloodshed and ferocity, that, as a common rule, the creatures belonging to the first class are conspicuous for their savage, unappeasable, untameable dispositions, while the latter are peaceful, and, excepting in the event of an attack, commonly inoffensive animals. Thus it is with the predaceous of the carnivorous kind that our present business lies. Giving once more a brief precedence to insects, we find scorpions and others furious cannibals, and after a general combat, setting to and devouring the dead bodies of their slain. There is a sand wasp or *sphex*, which is a fierce creature too: he will pounce upon larvae, large spiders, and other insects, and even cockroaches, plunging his sting into their bodies, and then at leisure consuming them. Some flies will also thrust their prey, small aphides, through with their weapons, and devour them in astonishing numbers. Kirby gives a very pretty account of the destruction wrought by our familiar little friend the lady-bird, which he says, does incredible service to the hop growers by consuming tens of thousands of the hop-fly. When the *cicindela* is in its perfect state, it is also a fearful destroyer of the insect race. Linnaeus has called it the insect tiger. It has formidable jaws and fangs, and from its strength, vigilance, and velocity, is the terror of the insect world. The dragon fly, *libellulina*, is equally terrible, both in its larva and pupa states. An anecdote is related of a combat between the pupa of a dragon fly and a stickleback in which the former with its jaws and forceps attacked the stickleback, and after an obstinate and bloody contest, at length obtained the victory. Wasps, ants, hornets, earwigs, water scorpions, and many others, labour under the same stigma. Some of them seem almost to murder for murder's sake, and will destroy a number of insects without an attempt to devour them. In fact these insects scarcely seem to know what the sentiment of fear is, and with surprising courage will attack and overcome enemies much their superiors in size.

The carnivorous birds likewise wage a deadly warfare upon their own race, and upon the weaker animals. They are generally solitary creatures. To use Goldsmith's words—'they prowl alone, and like robbers, enjoy in solitude the fruits of their plunder. They spread terror wherever they approach; and all that variety of music which but a moment before enlivened the grove, at their appearing is instantly at an end: every order of lesser birds seek for safety either by concealment or flight, and some are even driven to take protection with man, to avoid their less merciful pursuers.' The eagle, in the stern majesty of superior strength and fierceness, is the head of rapacious birds. In his wake follows the audacious and cunning osprey, which is guilty of both tobery and murder, darting upon diving birds, and snatching their prey from their beaks. The *piggargus* and the bal-buzzard are also constantly engaged in mutual warfare. The condor, by its size, weapons, and evil habits, ranks even higher for his deeds of blood. Humboldt asserts that this bird and its mate will attack a deer, wounding it with their talons until it droops with exhaustion, and is soon destroyed and devoured. He adds, that the mischief done to cattle and sheep in its vicinity is immense. The vulture, though entertaining a preference for the haughty goat of corruption, will nevertheless pounce upon so large a creature as a heifer, if it lies down upon the ground and succeed destroying it. And



last, not least ferocious, is the valiant shrike or butcher-bird, with seems possessed with a spirit of the intensest hatred to all the feathered race. Its name is derived from the circumstance that they are said, when they have killed their prey, to spit it, as human butchers their meat, upon some thorn, until they are at leisure to devour it. In mentioning further the names of the falcon, hawk, buzzard, and kite, and in barely alluding to the birds which go forth and prey at night, the subject will have received a sufficient illustration.

The ocean is the vast arena in which the practice of mutual destruction reaches its climax; for this reason, that fish, as a general rule, exist by devouring their smaller, weaker brethren, or are insectivorous creatures: so that, before the pike or the salmon can make a single meal, they must have imbrued themselves in the blood of some of the animated beings which crowd the waters or float in the air. The crustaceans—the crab and lobster—particularly distinguish themselves in this conflict. With a courage inspired no doubt by conscious impregnability, some of them will go thrashing up the mud along shore, and recklessly seizing upon and devouring whatsoever comes within grasp of their Herculean forceps. But when their moult comes on, when they have lost their stout defences, they are placed in a pitifully helpless condition, and in this state suffer the full vengeance of retribution, falling victims in myriads to the thousand chances and enemies of the sea. There is a species of *trochus*, or sea snail, which is even more formidable than the crustaceans. This creature is a universal belligerent, and while dreading himself, seems to dread no foe. He has a kind of borer, with which he will attack the thickest shell; and, like the gulo, assiduously stick to it until he has penetrated it, and destroyed its unfortunate occupant. The doredo, the mortal enemy of the persecuted flying-fish, is a very ravenous creature; and the shark, sword fish, and dog-fish whose ravages among the tenants of the waters are famous, have become familiar synonyms for rapacity and cruelty; while the great destroys whale at a gulp millions of the elio uorealis. Among reptiles, the blood-thirsty crocodile occupies a prominent position, he is the enemy of man and beast; and whatsoever creature ventures down to his abode, he attacks with equal fearlessness and ferocity. Terrible battles between tigers and crocodiles are on record, in which, while in his own element, the latter has generally been victor.

Here I will take my leave of these deeds of animal rapacity. If the illustrations to which I have confined myself appear to the lover of natural history, as indeed they are, cramped and incomplete, it results not from the deficiency but from the very superabundance of the material—the difficulty having been sufficiently rigid selection and condensation.

### PLAYFUL IMPOSTURES.

Fiction is one of the great elements of life. We cannot constantly present ourselves as exactly what we are. There is an incessant craving to be something else; to go out of ourselves, for however short space, or to whatever little apparent purpose or end. We see this in the sports of children, where, by the mere prompting of the instinctive mind, each readily and easily assumes and sustains a feigned character, and all becomes a masquerade. We see it in the social meetings of the adult, where each sets himself to be something a little more refined and pleasant than he is in his common moments, and the whole are gratified by the temporary sinking of the homely reality. It is not affectation, it is not an aping of superiority, which is here concerned; it is merely a tendency to seek a relief and a pleasure in the exchange of the actual for the ideal. An immense proportion of the innocent pleasures of life arises from this source; jokes, badinage, railery, are various forms of it, which, though sometimes carried to a bad excess, are all excellent in moderation, and under the government of good feeling. I thoroughly believe that life would be a desert, but for the little fictions thus mixed up with it; which everybody understands, and which therefore do nobody any harm.

It is necessary, however, to keep a rigid watch upon this disposition, lest it pass beyond the line of innocence. And the ethics of fun is well worthy of serious consideration. Wherever a jest has the least chance of hurting any one's feelings, much more wherever it tends to damage of a more practical kind, it ought of course to be suppressed. Nothing will justify its being carried forward, unless its whole consequences can be foreseen, and these are clearly limited to a little passing merriment.

In some places, and in certain little societies, there sometime reigns a habit of what is variously called hoaxing, trotting, and selling; that is to say, practising upon the faith of individuals by stories possessed of no real foundation, or leading them into expectations which are to end in ludicrous disappointment. It is an extension of April fooling; and though certainly we can suppose more dignified amusements, yet if all are willing to take and give in this way, and nothing but a laugh ever accrues, no one can well find fault with the system.

The handsome little town of—lives, as far as mirth is concerned, upon jests of this kind, and broad grins have as yet been the only consequence. When I was last there, the predominant drollery was a dinner which had been given by a party of wags to one of their set, noted for his numberless successes in quizzery, the occasion being his completing a small villa for his own residence. He had been led to understand that his friends were to crown the feast by presenting him with a piece of plate; and they were true to their word; but it was a brass-plate for his door, containing a name for the house, in which the familiar name of the owner bore a part! Now, if a little joke of this kind can enliven the natural dullness of a country town for a week, and the subject of it laugh among the loudest, and even extend the fun, as this gentleman did, by putting the door-plate to its proper use, there is certainly some good done, and no harm.

Another case.

On a misty January morning I found myself seated at the breakfast table of my kind-hearted friend Sir Hugh Melford, along with two other guests, and the ladies of the family. It was the morning of an appointed shooting party, and a third guest was expected.

'Pray,' said I to Miss Selina Melford, 'who is the other gentleman that Sir Hugh expects to make up his set?'

'Oh, it is John Stirling, eldest son of our neighbour Sir Samuel Stirling; an excellent person, whom we all like very much. We lately played him an amusing trick.'

'What was that?'

'Why, the last time he came here to shoot, we dressed up a female figure, which we planted at table, with its back to the light; and when he arrived, we asked him to sit next to that lady, and introduced him to her. He bowed, and made a few remarks, without discovering anything but that she was rather stiff in her manner. We had such fun about it afterwards!'

At this moment Mr. Stirling was announced, and Sir Hugh was asked out for a moment to see him. Presently our host returned, ushering in Mr. Stirling,

and introducing as his companion and friend a remarkably handsome mustached youth, whose name was given as Count de Leudher, an officer in the Austrian service. Greetings passed between Mr. Stirling and the ladies, and the count made his bow, but unfortunately, from ignorance of the language, was unable to pay his respects in words. Very soon we were all once more seated, and breakfast went on right mirthfully, the ladies evidently being greatly interested about the stranger.

So unconscious did he in the meantime appear to be of the chat going on around him, that 'very handsome and interesting!' his melancholy air reminds one of Thaddeus of Warsaw, and other sufficiently broad compliments, passed freely among the ladies, in implicit reliance upon his inability to understand their words.

'Selina,' said Miss Melford, 'this must be the person we heard of being at Stirlingfield?' She asked the question of Mr. Stirling, and was answered in the affirmative. I was then informed that, about a fortnight ago, their enthusiastic friend, Miss Fanny Bloomfield, coming to visit them, had met in the coach a fine-looking youth, whom she took for a foreign count at least, if not a prince, and who had alighted at the Stirlingfield gate. He had, she said, eyes like the dove, hair like the raven, and a look that might command an army! They had had a great deal of talk on this subject; and the curiosity of the Misses Melford was only increased when Fanny Bloomfield, going soon after to Stirlingfield, wrote to them that the foreigner was staying there—that he was a count, belonging to the Austrian service—and the most fascinating person she had ever met.

'Really,' declared all the ladies with one consent, 'Fanny has gone not a bit beyond the truth.' I remarked a slight smile play round the mustache of his countship at this remark, but readily supposed that he might understand a few words of English, although unable to speak it.

I finished breakfast, without for a moment dreaming that the count was anything but a count, or Mr. Stirling anything but the downright good-natured man he appeared to be; but in the drawing-room, to which we soon after adjourned, Sir Hugh took an opportunity of telling me how the case really stood. The stranger was, although in the Austrian service, a Briton, and a cousin of Mr. Stirling—in fact, the son of another gentleman of the neighbourhood—and the affair was an attempt on the part of Mr. Stirling to revenge the trick lately put upon him by the Misses Melford. 'Oh, very well,' said I, 'let the joke be carried on by all means. For my part I shall enjoy it, if it were for nothing else but as an overthrow to my friend Miss Melford, who tells me, at every difference we have about matters of fact, that she is always right, and therefore I must be wrong.'

'That's right,' quoth Sir Hugh. It will be a good joke indeed if she be taken in. Let us by all means keep it up till after dinner if possible.'

The shooting party now set out with its proper train of attendants, and myself as a civilian, attache; and for four hours we rambled along the high grounds in quest of hares, pheasants, and moorfowl. What success my friends met with it is no use to rehearse; neither is it important that I should specify the various adventures and misadventures of the party. Suffice it, that we met in a little lodge to lunch at two o'clock, and during the repast, could speak of nothing but the delusion now in progress, which, however, we all feared would not hold out till dinner, as there were ten chances to one that some communications among servants would betray the real quality of the count. By and by shooting was resumed, and I, after accompanying the party a little longer, proceeded to the castle, in order to write some letters before dinner. I entered the drawing-room, where the ladies sat with a mind and ears prepared for all imaginable clamours; but behold, all was safe. They were innocently telling Lord Montresor, who had come upon a morning call, 'what a delightful young German count had arrived from Stirlingfield that morning; that he spoke only German, not a word of English,—not even French. They hoped he was, like all Germans, musical, and that would help to make the dinner pass pleasantly,' and so forth.

I felt thankful, and joined in the conversation. His lordship afterwards met the shooting party, was let into the secret, and invited to stay to see it developed at dinner, but, to his great regret, was under a prior engagement, so that he only could indulge in a hearty laugh at the affair impending over his fair friends, and then leave the party to their own enjoyments.

At seven, the party assembled in the drawing-room for dinner, when the impression formerly produced by the 'count' was, if possible, deepened, as he now appeared in an attire that set off his person to the best advantage. Before this, we had settled upon the procedure to be observed in the dining-room, and it had also been deemed right that our hostess, Sir Hugh's mother, should be let into the jest. I may remark, as a proof of the success of the deception, that this lady had some difficulty in believing us when we undeceived her, fearing that the only trick lay in this new direction. The count, as presumably the person of greatest consideration present, was accorded the honour of leading out the lady of the house. Dinner passed without his saying more than a few words in German to Mr. Stirling. Some attempts were made by one or two to make a conversation in French; but unluckily they were all failures. At length the servants left the room, and the denouement of the plot took place in the manner agreed upon.

'Mr. Stirling,' said I very formally, 'did your friend ever meet a person who is never wrong? I wish you would tell him that Miss Melford says she is never wrong, never deceived, and never makes mistakes.' She looked a little queer at my pointing her out to notice in this manner, and her puzzlement increased when she saw smiles on the faces of all but the ladies present.

Nevertheless she answered, laughing, 'Well, it is the case. Somehow I am never wrong. I am sometimes almost distressed at my own correctness, as if it were what a human being ought not to be able to boast of.'

'But do you think you could not be deceived in anything.'

'No—I think not. I never am deceived, and therefore never could be.'

'Very well,' said I to Mr. Stirling, 'you hear it from her own mouth. I beg you will tell it all to your friend in his own language.'

Mr. Stirling did so in a few words; the count smiled hard, and then Sir Hugh rose up.

'My friends,' said he, 'I feel impelled on this occasion to resort to an old fashion, and ask you to join me in drinking the health of a gentleman whom it has given my mother and myself much pleasure to see here to-day. I am sorry he does not understand our language, but I hope he will do so by the time he returns to our neighbourhood; though this is not necessary to make us wish for a repetition of his visit. I am afraid his day with us has been a somewhat stupid one on this account; but I trust he will believe that this is matter of regret to us, and that, as far as good-will can go, we are anxious to make it up to him. Without further preamble, I propose the health of Captain John M'Evan!'

The familiarity of the name now announced broke the plot at once. It is



needless to say the sensation was tremendous; that the ladies looked a thousand and discomfited; and that the rest of the company, bursting through all rule, raised a shout of merriment which penetrated to the servant's hall, where it was at first mistaken for the alarm at some direful accident.

It is but fair to the ladies to say that, after the first moment, they entered heartily into the humour of the affair; so here, too, some good accrued, and no harm.

When, as in the above case, the subject of the deception is one who stands very strong in a belief that he cannot be deceived, the enjoyment of the joke is of course greatly enhanced to third parties. Such was the character of an imposture which was practised a number of years ago by a lady of remarkable representative talent upon a counsellor in high practice at the Scottish bar, and of literary celebrity also, who had expressed his belief that she could not, with all her dexterity, impose upon him. The tale was told in 'Blackwood's Magazine' by Mr. Galt, with a strong dash of his own peculiar manner, but in the main faithfully; and to this record we resort for a brief sketch of the incidents.

One day when the counsellor (whom Galt calls Mr. Jamphler) was to entertain a party, inclusive of the young lady, at dinner, he was told, while dressing for that meal, that two ladies desired to see him on urgent business. Joining them in the library, he found an elderly matron, in tortoiseshell spectacles, and a huge black bonnet, attended by a blushing young one. The senior female announced herself as Mrs. Ogle of Balbogle, come to Edinburgh on purpose to take the benefit of counsel from the learned gentleman, whom she forthwith proceeded to compliment in a most extravagant style. 'But mine's a kittle case, Mr. Jamphler,' she proceeded, 'and it's no a man o' sma' capacity that can tak it up.' If her late husband had been to the fore, she would not have needed to trouble anybody; but he has won awa out of a sinfu' world, and I'm a lanely widow; with much more to the like purpose.

Mr. Jamphler, getting impatient, suggested that she had better consult her agent.

'My agent!' she exclaimed; 'ye're my agent—I'll ha'e nae other but you—I ha'e come here for other purpose than to confer wi' you anent my affair—'

'Well, but what is it—what is it?' interrupted the counsellor.

The lady then made him sit down beside her, introduced her daughter, and gave a sketch of her family connexions, which produced another burst of impatience. At length he asked her pointedly what was her business. 'This only led to more palaver.

'Howsomever,' she at last proceeds, 'being, as I was saying, left a widow—it's a sair thing, Mr. Jamphler, to be a widow—I had a' to do, and my father having left me, among other things, o' my bairn's part of gear—for the Barwullupton gaed, as ye ken, to my auld brother the laird, that married Miss Jenny Ochiltree o' the mains; a very creditable connexion, Mr. Jamphler, and a genteel woman. She can play on the spinnet, Mr. Jamphler. But no to fash you wi' our family divisions: among other things, there was on my bit grund a mill and a mill, situate on the Crokit-burn, and I lent the mill to a neighbour to dry some aits; and Mr. Jamphler—oh what a sight it was to me!—the mill took low, and the mill likewise took wi't, and baith gaed just as ye would say a crackle, and nothing was left but the bare wa's and the steading. Noo, Mr. Jamphler, wha's to answer for the damage! Howsomever, Mr. Jamphler, as I can see that it's no an aff-hand case, I'll bid you guid day, and ye'll consider o't again the morn, when I'll come to you afore the lords in the Parliament House.'

The counsellor was now, it may be supposed, in no small tribulation. The lady, however, was not yet done with him. Rising and going to the window, she cried, 'Oh! Mr. Jamphler, the coach that brought us here—I wouldna come but in a coach to Mr. Jamphler—but its gone. Oh! Mr. Jamphler, as I'm a wee o' a lamiter wi' the rheumaticks, will ye hae the kindness just to rin out for a coach to me? I'll be very muckle obliged to you, Mr. Jamphler; it's but a step yonder to whar the coaches are biding on outlook.'

Mr. Jamphler rung the bell, and ordered his servant to fetch instantly a coach.

'But, Mr. Jamphler,' resumed Mrs. Ogle of Balbogle, 'I hae another favour to ask. Ye maun ken I'm sometimes tormented wi' that devilry they call the toothache; are ye acquaint wi' only doctor that can do me good?' Mr. Jamphler immediately mentioned our friend and correspondent, the Odontist. 'Eh!' said Mrs. Ogle of Balbogle, 'the famous Dr. Scott! But whar does he bide, Mr. Jamphler?' The urbane counsellor mentioned his address. 'Ah! but, Mr. Jamphler, ye maun write it down, for I hae but a slack memory.' Mr. Jamphler did so immediately; but the lady, on looking at the paper, said, 'Na, na, Mr. Jamphler, that winna do: I canna read Greek: ye maun pit it in broad Scotch: I'm nae o' your novel leddies, but Mrs. Ogle o' Balbogle.' Mr. Jamphler was in consequence obliged to write the address more legibly, and the coach coming to the door, the lady and her daughter withdrew. Mr. Jamphler then joined the company in the drawing-room, and soon after, the young lady, in propria persona, with the Odontist's address in her hand, was announced as Mrs. Ogle of Balbogle.

These anecdotes serve to illustrate the circumstances under which little playful impostures may rightly be carried on. No satire being indulged in, the parties being friendly, and disposed to enjoy innocent jokes even at their own expense, no harm can well arise. Where, however, all are not of one humour, or where the jest rubs on a known sore, or for certain will place the subject of it in a false and ridiculous position, or even gall an unlucky over-sensitiveness of nature, the whole procedure must tend to mischief, and therefore is to be unhesitatingly condemned.

### THE CENTRAL SUN.

Lectures on astronomy have for many years been highly popular with a large portion of the public; in the smaller provincial towns, the arrival of an itinerant lecturer, and the delivery of his 'course of three,' illustrated by an orrery, was an event productive of general satisfaction, and served to enliven one or two of the dreary weeks of winter.

Most readers will remember the average amount of information imparted on these occasions: commencing with the sun, the lecturer gave a description of our solar system, taking the planets in their respective order, their bulk, orbital motion, and distance from the central luminary, and assisted by a magic lantern, finished with representations of the moon's phases, Jupiter's belts, and Saturn's ring. Something was generally added, that largely excited the wonder of the auditors, who went away fully persuaded that they had learned the whole scheme and compass of astronomical science—for them it had no more secrets.

It is no longer the same in the present day: with increased knowledge has

grown up, to a certain extent, an increased desire to comprehend it; the old limits have been found far too narrow for an intelligence ever seeking to enlarge its boundaries; and no sooner is a great thing achieved, than it is immediately made a starting point for something still greater. The popular mind is not now satisfied with the aliment it fed on ten or fifteen years ago; it has become in some sense the reflex of the progress of science—wider in its grasp, but more simple, certain, and accurate.

As a consequence of this movement, popular astronomy embraces something beyond the sun, and planets: it has learned something of other planets beyond our own—of double and tripple stars, many of them inconceivably remote; of nebulae, and a new planet.

But there is one fact first announced by the elder Herschel, which, although well known to men of science, has been much less frequently brought into general notice than the others, in direct opposition to commonly received opinions. The prevalent idea respecting our sun, is, that with the exception of a movement round its centre of gravity, it occupies a fixed and invariable position in the heavens.

Recent researches have, however, verified the assertion, that in common with the whole universe, it has what is called a 'movement of translation, through space in obedience to some mighty and unknown influence, analogous to that which impels the minor planets and their moons in their orbits. And we shall now endeavour to give an outline of the present state of our knowledge respecting this interesting subject.

As we have already stated, the late Sir William Herschel was the first to demonstrate what had for some time been suspected by astronomers—the progressive movement of the sun through space. In the course of his persevering investigations of the heavens, he had at different periods made three surveys of the stars comprised in the catalogue published by Flamsteed, the first astronomer royal. On each occasion he found that the position differed greatly from those marked in the catalogue: two stars of the fourth magnitude in the constellation Hercules, which Flamsteed had observed were no longer to be seen. The same phenomenon, was remarked also in Cancer and Perseus: the stars were either lost or so far removed, as to be no longer recognisable, while several new ones were visible which had not been previously noticed.

Herschel extended his observations to a large number of the stars and constellations, and the result on all occasions showed that the most extraordinary changes had taken place since the days of Flamsteed; and in 1783 in one of his communications to the Royal Society, he wrote—

'This consideration alone would lead us strongly to suspect that there is not, in strictness of speaking, one fixed star in the heavens; but many other reasons, which I shall presently adduce, will render this so obvious that there can hardly remain a doubt of the general motion of all the starry systems, and consequently of the solar one among the rest.

Lalande had thrown out the supposition that 'the sun has a real movement in absolute space;' but Herschel went beyond him—he proved it. As Copernicus two centuries before, had established that the sun's apparent motion round the heavens was due to the real motion of the earth, so did the English astronomer show that the changes of position of the distant stars was caused not only by their own movement, but chiefly by that of our own system. Still pursuing the inquiry, we find him writing in 1805:—

'A view of the moon, or secondary planets, round their primary ones, and of these again round the sun, may suggest the idea of an additional motion of the latter round some other unknown centre.' He demonstrated beyond a doubt, that the sun with all its attendant planets, was moving with great velocity towards one of the stars in Hercules.

The further investigation on the subject, it has been said was one essentially for modern times; and the high degree of perfection now exhibited in the construction of instruments, has enabled astronomers to distinguish between apparent and real motion, and to confirm Herschel's bold and original views in every particular. Many anomalies in the movements of the stars were at once explained by the fact of the sun's motion in space. So rapid is this motion, that according to Bessel it amounts to 3,336,000 miles in a day. The effects of this amazing velocity are eloquently described by the celebrated Humboldt. He observes—

'The beautiful stars of the Centaur and the Southern Cross will at some future day be visible in our northern latitudes, whilst other stars (Sirius and the stars forming the belt of Orion) will no longer appear above the horizon. The place of the north pole will be successively marked by Ceph and Cygni, until after the lapse of twelve thousand years, when Syra will become the brightest of all possible pole stars.

These statements serve in some degree to realize in the mind the magnitude of the movements which proceed uninterruptedly in infinitely small divisions of time in the great chronometer of the universe. In every point of the celestial vault we recognise the dominion of progressive improvement, as on the surface of the earth, where vegetation is constantly putting forth its leaves and buds, and unfolding its blossoms.'

The improvements in telescopes, that enabled astronomers to penetrate further into space, gave them at the same time the means of more accurate observation than they had previously possessed. The heavens were 'gauged' in every direction, and carefully mapped out. Among the more interesting phenomena brought to light by these researches were those of double stars, of which about six thousand are now known, chiefly by the labors of the Herschels, father and son, and Struve, a Russian astronomer. The difference in the appearance of stars, was shown to depend not on their size, but on their distance. They are however always classed according to their magnitudes, ranging from 1 to 22.

No. 1 denotes the brightest and clearest stars, and 22 the smallest and most remote: the first six only are visible to the naked eye. The fixed stars are found to be comparatively and not absolutely, stationary, and to be the centre of systems similar to our own. The discovery of the planets revolving round these centres, yet remains to add another to the great triumphs of astronomical science.

The double stars revolve the one around the other, and are supposed to present the simplest or elementary form of stellar motion. Besides these binary systems, there are others—triple, quadruple—gradually increasing in number and complexity. Wherever the observer turns his gaze he discovers movement, in obedience as it were, to one universal law of gravitation: wherever stars are clustered, they group themselves in increasing brightness round a definite though unseen point of attraction; and, it is not surprising, that philosophers should have speculated as to the existence and position of some mighty centre, round which, in the course of countless ages, the whole stellar universe revolves; or, in the words of Schiller, 'amidst ceaseless change seeks the unchanging pole.'



Various stars have been fixed on from time to time as the centre round which all revolved. Sirius from its magnitude and brightness, was often supposed to be the occupant of this position; but the observations of later astronomers, Argelander and Bessel, have shown that this star has a sensible movement of its own apparently around some greater body, far remote, and invisible to us; so that Sirius instead of being the chief of the army of fixed stars, is only one of the subordinate members of a partial system.

So carefully have the heavens been explored of late years, that but few of the greater movements of the stars are unknown to us; and, looking at the distribution of these, through the realms of space, no point has been found filled by a star of the first magnitude, which fulfils the position we have just indicated.

Hitherto the movements appear to be greater or lesser optically only, and it is one of the objects of modern astronomy to define these movements with exactitude by the parallax. The same reasoning may be applied to the double stars—none of them show the existence of any considerable mass. From all these negative considerations, the conclusion has been come to, that it was useless to look for a central body in our more immediate stellar system.

The fact that, in the partial system of fixed stars, and especially those of double stars, there is not generally speaking, a great superiority of mass in one of the bodies—and that on the contrary the two masses are almost equal in the greater proportion of them—has necessarily thrown doubt on the existence of such a central body as has necessarily been described of an enormously preponderating mass.

If such were the case, we should see the most active movements in the neighborhood of this mass, as in our own system we see the most rapid revolutions in the planets near the sun. By the same analogy, supposing the central mass to be invisible, we would see the stars in some quarters of the heavens, moving more slowly than those situated nearer the central region. We should not find, likewise, any more active movements than in this region, excepting, perhaps, in some of the members of our own systems already referred to.

Foremost among those who have directed their attention to this subject, is M. Maedler, the Russian astronomer at Dorpat, in Esthonia, who is already well known as the author of an admirable geographical map of the moon. From a series of observations continued during a period of six years, he has come to the conclusion that the Newtonian law of attraction, which regulates our solar system, exists also in the systems of the fixed stars. It is difficult to convey an idea of the method pursued in working out results involving an acquaintance with the most abstruse details of astronomical science. The pilot of a ship, feeling his way along with the lead, on a foggy day, might be instanced as a comparative illustration of the process by approximation.

After going through the various hypotheses to which we have referred, M. Maedler treats of the Milky Way as the fundamental plan of our stellar groups. Its general line of direction describes more or less perfectly a great circle, dividing the heavens into two unequal proportions; the northern or smaller portion being comparatively devoid of stars, while the southern half, near to which we are situated, is thickly studded.

By a series of observations of groups, as well as of individual stars, M. Maedler deduced approximations for the position he was seeking, and, rejecting one after the other, arrived, after persevering exertions, at what he conceived to be the true centre of the group of the Pleiades; which, to use his own words, 'is the pivot round which the fixed stars, as a whole, describe their immense orbits.'

It is generally known that among the most remarkable of the stellar groups, there is none comparable to the Pleiades for splendor or number of stars. The closeness with which they are placed is not merely optical. They are found in a region rich in stars, and answering well to the other general conditions which we have endeavored to explain. The perfect concord existing between the determination of the proper movements of these stars, notwithstanding their minute quantities, is cited as a proof of the correctness of astronomical catalogues, and thereby facilitating the labors of future observers.

M. Maedler compares the observations of the most eminent British and continental astronomers on this group and some of the neighboring stars—taking, first of all, twelve stars situated within five degrees of Alcyone, the brightest Pleiades; and next, thirty at a distance of from 5 to 10 degrees; and lastly, 57 stars whose distance is from 10 to 15 degrees. Observations on these stars, prove that, with some exception, they all have a positive motion towards the south.

The most numerous of the exceptions are in the 57 last mentioned: forty of them having moved but two seconds of a degree in 85 years, it is difficult to determine the direction. The fact, however, remains, that of the 110 stars within 15 degrees of Alcyone, the movements of 60 of the number are towards the south, and in no case towards the north. It would be idle to contend that such a result is the effect of chance: it has been further proved by observations on 172 stars of Bradley's catalogue; and the direction to the south, though in many instances feeble, is not the less certain.

'Although,' continues M. Maedler, 'it results from what precedes, that the region of the heaven which I have chosen satisfies the conditions indicated, it is not less necessary to submit it to every possible proof. Many trials with different combinations have convinced me that no other point could be found to answer as well as the one I have adopted. I can state therefore, as the result of my researches, that the group of the Pleiades is the central group of the entire system of fixed stars, extending to the exterior limits determined by the Milky Way; and that Alcyone is the star of this group which appears the most probably to be the true central sun.'

Light is 537 years in travelling to us from this central sun, whose mass is 117,400,000 times larger than that of our own luminary. The revolution of the latter round Alcyone, requires a period of 18,200,000 years; and supposing the movement to continue the same as at present, the sun will reach the ascending node of its orbit in the year 154,500 of our era. The calculations are not given as positively determined, but as the nearest approximation hitherto obtained.

The mind is bewildered in the contemplation of such tremendous phenomena, of whose workings only the dimmest perception can be realized; sufficient, however, to impress us with the infinite majesty of nature. M. Maedler in concluding his observations, expresses a hope that he has pursued an object favorable to the progress of science, one that may possess such interest for other scientific men, as to lead them to push the inquiry still further, to investigate still more successfully the system of the universe. In whatever way his appeal may be answered he has not the less rendered a new and signal service to science, and opened a wider field to astronomical research.

## "DELIVER US FROM EVIL."

Oh Thou! who sittest on thy glorious throne;  
Oh Thou! to whom all things are fully known;  
Thou, who safe keepst that we sleep in peace;  
To whom our songs of praise shall never cease—  
Look down and guide us thro' our venturous way:  
"Deliver us from evil," Lord, we pray.

Great God of truth! attend thy people's cry;  
The voice of supplication raised on high—  
When towards thy holy oracle our hands  
Are lifted up, awaiting thy commands,  
Free us from trouble, sorrow, and despair;  
From our transgressions, and the sinner's snare.

"Save us, good Lord," from terror and dismay;  
From the keen arrow that swift flies by day:  
"Good Lord deliver us" from fear by night,  
And the dark pestilence that shuns the light.  
Oh, save us from destruction, that is seen  
At noonday, wasting all that's fresh and green.

Almighty One! "the day and night are thine";  
But who may tell the wisdom so divine,  
That hides, behind the Future's sombre veil,  
The good and evil that our lives assail?  
To thee, oh God! the power alone is given  
To sink our souls to hell, or raise to Heaven!

Most Merciful, our Father! oh, remove  
Our numerous troubles, and return thy love;  
Put the transgressions from us we possess,  
Far as the east is distant from the west.  
"Give us thy help," Almighty! and restrain  
Our steps from sin, "for help of man is vain."

Redeemer ours! whose love the world controls,  
Let not the "waterflood o'erflow" our souls—  
But be a cover in the sultry glade,  
On our right hand an ever-cooling shade.  
"Deliver us from evil"—rise, and bring  
Into our hearts, a bright eternal spring!

"Deliver us from evil," still we pray;  
Form and oppression stop our onward way:  
Our Holy Church, that countless ills surround,  
Lost in herself, is tottering to the ground.  
Oh, dissipate these evils, Go! our Lord!  
Teach us to love alone thy simple Word!

Then shall our hearts, acknowledging thy ways,  
Sing to the harp in solemn songs of praise!  
Then shall our prayers, like fragrant dew arise,  
Like breath of blossoms to the morning skies—  
And our clasp'd hands be lifted up to heaven,  
Like as the incense—sacrifice at even.

May 4, 1847.

C. S.

## THE GUERRILLA'S LEAP; A TRUE TALE OF PORTUGAL.

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A bright prospect opened for Portugal, when the blue and white banner of her young Queen was first unfurled on the shores of Mindello, for on that day was struck a noble blow for constitutional freedom, that freedom which can alone keep at bay the great enemies of mankind—bigotry and despotism. Alas! that late events should have so belied the glorious promise of the past.

The sons of Lusitania were, however, doomed to suffer much before those times of fleeting prosperity could be attained, for that event was but the prelude to scenes of civil strife, famine, plague, horrors, and miseries of all kinds which long afflicted their lovely land, and with which, even now, some by their insane machinations, seek again to curse their country.

The gallant Dom Pedro, the day after landing with his little band of heroes, entered Oporto in triumph, the forces of his usurping brother, Dom Miguel, having retreated at his approach; but the Miguelites soon collecting in great numbers, the Constitutionalists were besieged for many months in the city, exposed to a furious bombardment and a scarcity of provisions, added to which, the cholera broke out among the starving population, and carried off vast numbers of those whom famine and the shot and shells of their relentless foes had spared. Besides these accumulated miseries, the heroic city was continually exposed to the most desperate assaults of the Miguelite forces, urged on to conquest, by promises of plunder and the most unrestrained license; yet, notwithstanding their vastly superior numbers to those of the defenders, each attack was repulsed. At length, the glorious victory of the fire-eating Napier, and the chivalrous exploit of Terceira compelled the besiegers to march southward for the defence of that part of the kingdom.

So closely was the city invested, that, less than a quarter of a mile of sea-coast alone remained in the power of the Constitutionalists, exposed on each side to the shot and shell of the enemy, with a raging surf constantly breaking over the rocks which fringe it. On this small portion of beach, boats laden with provisions, supplied by a fleet of merchantmen anchored in the offing, continually landed their cargoes, though their crews at times suffered great loss from the cross fire of the Miguelites. However, their utmost efforts could not furnish sufficient food for the famishing people. By another means, also, a small quantity of provisions was from time to time thrown into the city. The flat-bottomed river boats used on dark and stormy nights to glide noiselessly down the Douro to Oporto, and, under shelter of the lofty cliff, on which stands the Serra Convent, to disembark their cargoes unperceived and unmolested by the enemy posted on the southern bank of the stream. So successful, at length, were these expeditions, and of so much service were they to the besieged, that the Miguelite General becoming cognizant of them, bethought him of establishing patrols along the banks of the river, and guard-boats on the water, to put a stop for the future to such practices.

Among the officers appointed to the command of these patrols was a Guerrilla Chief of the name of Gaviao, who had assumed the title of Major. Gaviao is the Portuguese for a hawk. Major Gaviao fully supported the character of his name by pouncing on prey of every description within his reach, and the



present occasion afforded him a rich harvest. His district extended from the river Tamega along the north bank of the Douro, as far as Oporto. His practice was to levy a toll on the boats high up the stream, then allowing them to continue their voyage, again to stop them lower down, and to compel them to pay a second time. On occasions, he would even seize the whole cargo, if the crews attempted to grumble at this treatment, and of course the unfortunate people had no redress, as in so doing he was only performing his duty, sanctioned by his superiors. He was neglecting his orders when he allowed them to pass. Such conduct was sufficient of itself to gain him the most dire hatred of the peasantry through every part of the country infested by his presence; he was, besides, savage and revengeful, and passionate in the extreme, and was suspected of having committed more than one murder with his own hand. His appearance did not belie his general character. His figure was rather above the usual height of his countrymen, his visage swarthy, with a quantity of hair, dark as the raven's wing, surrounding it; his eyes were deep set and black, gleaming malignantly forth like a baneful light in some damp cavern, while his features, though regular, wore with every change an expression of evil.

Such is the no very flattering description we received of the Guerilla Chief—the hero of our tale. In other times he would have been a bandit. In other lands a highwayman, a housebreaker, or a bubble railroad projector. Nature made him a villain—circumstances, what he was.

It was midnight! The sky was overcast with thick clouds, so that neither moon nor stars shed their light upon the world, with scarcely a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the water, as a boat glided slowly down the stream of the majestic and wealth-bearing Douro.

We must take the liberty of authors and lift the shroud of darkness which then enveloped the world, to describe the boat and her crew to our readers.

She was of a construction precisely similar to what has existed since the early days of the Lusitanian monarchy, if not from a far earlier date, having flat floors, with wall sides, and being composed of rough deal planks, low at the stern, and rising slightly forward to a long projecting bow. The cargo of the boat consisted chiefly of chestnuts in heaps, and sacks of corn, with baskets full of large loaves of yellow bread composed of Indian corn. Fuel being scarce in the city, baked bread was of more value. The rudder was a long beam, with a plank shaped like the tail of a fish at the end. The helmsman stood on a high platform to enable him to see to some distance ahead, and to give him greater power over the unwieldy tiller. He was a young man of slight and symmetrical form, every attitude he assumed in his occupation being full of grace and expressive of vigour. His costume was simple in the extreme though highly picturesque. On his head he wore a red cloth cap falling in a peak on one side, loose jacket of dark cloth over a white shirt, and a pair of large white trousers, scarcely reaching to the knee, and fastened round the waist by a red sash, completed his costume, his well-bronzed and sinewy legs and feet being free of any covering. Four other men similarly habited, pulled two broad-bladed, double-banked oars forward, standing up all the time with their faces to the bows, while a youth, kneeling at the very extreme point of the long bow, kept a watchful look-out into the darkness to give the earliest possible notice of any danger they might approach. Now they would steer under some lofty rock, whose rugged sides no human being could climb; then when the course of the river widened, and the banks became low, they would keep a middle course to avoid any enemy lurking on either side.

They had proceeded thus in silence for some miles, and were then approaching the picturesquely situated village of Melros, embosomed in trees and surrounded by orchards and green fields. This place is some miles below the town of Entre-ambos-os-rios, between the two rivers, so called for being situated on the fork of land formed by the junction of the river Tamega and the Douro. At this town commenced the district placed under the tender mercies of Gaviao. The stream now becoming of considerable breadth the men at the oars commenced a conversation between themselves in a low whisper.

"The Holy Virgin preserve us; I hope we shall reach the city in safety," said one.

"Not if that ill-begotten Gaviao, and his friend the diabo, have their way," answered another.

"We were well fleeced at Entre-ambos-os-rios, and if they knew where to pitch upon us, depend upon it we should not escape them without another visit. The night is dark, and we have come on bravely," said a third.

"Ah," observed the first, "but diabo can fly farther than we can row, and see in the dark as well as daylight."

"The good Saints protect us," ejaculated the four, crossing themselves.

Scarcely had they spoken, when a loud voice hailed from the shore, "*Quem vai la?*" ("Who goes there?") But the gallant helmsman did not alter his course.

"Row, my friends, row for your lives," he cried, in a singing whisper, loud enough to be heard by his companions in the fore part of the boat. They silently obeyed his orders.

The hail was repeated, and immediately a musket was fired from the shore at them, the ball whizzing over their heads.

"A boat coming up the river!" cried the lad in the bows, with a hurried, alarmed accent. They were the last words he spoke.

Again they were hailed from the shore, and a musket was seen to flash. A loud shriek accompanied the report. A splash was heard in the water, and a dark object floated by. The young helmsman leapt from the platform on which he stood, and struck out for the body of the youth; ere he reached it, it had sunk below the surface. The oars were meanwhile backed, and the boat's way was stopped. The intrepid swimmer dived into the dark tide, guided less by sight than by instinct and fraternal love, for the youth was his brother. In a moment he rose again, with the body in his grasp, and was soon on board. With anguish he hung over the inanimate form, abandoning all thoughts of escaping his foes. He was aroused by the rough voices of the crew of the guard-boat ordering him to steer for the shore. Mechanically he obeyed, after placing his brother on some of the sacks of corn which formed part of his cargo. As the boat was made fast alongside the shore several armed men stepped on board with torches in their hands, one among them appearing to be their chief. The light fell on the features of the young Arraes, or Captain of the boat, as he knelt over his brother's form, attempting to restore animation by rubbing his bosom and cold hands. With horror he started back, a ruddy stream issued from the boy's side, his own hands and clothes were stained with blood.

"Who did this?" he exclaimed fiercely. "Ah!" Before him stood the dreaded and hated Gaviao.

"The young rebel has met with his deserts," observed the Guerilla Captain, sneeringly. "And you, Antonio Lopez, you are an old offender. This is not the first time you have been taken attempting to carry provisions into that city

held by those wretched Cartistas, and which will soon become the just reward of our valour. Tell them to take a last look at their money-chests and their wives and daughters; all will soon be ours."

Young Antonio folded his arms, answering the speaker with a look of scorn and hatred.

"Well, do you wish to be sent to prison or to be shot?" continued the other.

"You want gold, and you shall have it," were the first words the young Arraes spoke. "Blood you have had, and both shall be repaid," he muttered to himself. "Let me go, and part of the money shall be forthcoming; the rest shall be paid on my return."

We have not before attempted to describe the scene. It was wild in the extreme. Lofty trees covered the bank to which the boat was made fast, and among them were tethered the horses of the Guerilla band, the light of the torches casting a lurid glare far into the recesses of the wood and over the smooth waters of the stream; while the armed men, in their various fantastic costumes, and the boatmen in their picturesque dresses, were thrown into strong relief against the dark background. Down the river arose lofty and frowning rocks, between which, during the wintry floods, it rushes with impetuous force, whirling huge trunks of trees like straws before it.

The conference was soon ended, the money was paid, the guard-boat rowed up the river, the Arraes carrying the body of his murdered brother, proceeded on his voyage towards Oporto, and the Guerilla chief and his followers mounted their horses and galloped off. Gaviao thought not of the vengeance he was gathering round his head.

On the southern bank of the Douro, some way above the town of Entre-ambos-os-rios, stood a cottage, hidden, however, from the opposite shore by the trees which surrounded it. The sun, just about to dip behind the lofty hills which extend in numerous ridges towards Oporto, cast a roddy glow upon the tranquil stream, and lighted up with its brilliant rays the inmost recesses of the surrounding pine groves. Some shepherds were driving into the lower lands their flocks of sheep and goats, mingled together, from the rugged heights of the neighbouring serras, and the distant screeching sound of the cart-wheels as they descended the rough ill-formed roads, struck not unpleasantly on the ear. Numerous birds chirped forth their evening song and prepared for roost, whilst myriads of winged insects filled the air with their suppressed murmur, as they flitted forth from their hiding places. It was a lovely scene, such as only the balmy clime of the South can produce. Before the cottage-door was a wide-spreading vine, forming a graceful arbour, from the roof and sides of which the luscious fruit hung suspended temptingly, in profuse clusters. Beneath its shade, on a stool, sat a young girl, with distaff in hand, singing, as she spun, the evening hymn to the Holy Virgin.

Not only was the girl young, but very lovely; her beauty considerably heightened by her picturesque and graceful costume. She wore a broad-brimmed hat, set coquettishly on one side, beneath which, falling on each shoulder, appeared the ends of a snow-white handkerchief, and a profusion of dark-clustering curls, and when we say she possessed a pair of full sparkling black eyes and a fine clear complexion, slightly bronzed by the sun, our readers may picture to themselves the pretty Maria dos Campos. A dark blue cloth body, and a coloured cotton petticoat, formed the rest of her costume; the soles of her shoes being made of wood, and slipper fashion, kicked off at pleasure, her feet being destitute of any other covering. We must not forget the large flat ear-rings, of the purest gold, which she wore in her ears, nor the coils of heavy gold chains suspended round her neck. Maria was in her gala costume, for what reason we shall presently see.

Suddenly her voice stopped, for the sound of footsteps fell upon her ear. She gazed forth with an anxious expression, but continued spinning, which she appeared to do mechanically, though she more than once bit in two the thread as she attempted to clear it of the knots she had formed.

A dark man, whose military costume and moustache proclaimed him a soldier, or at all events a Guerilla, was seen advancing along the rough pathway which led to the cottage. The girl blushed deeply as, after looking cautiously around to see that no one was observing him, he took her in his arms, and bestowed a kiss upon her brow, exclaiming, "Ah, my pretty Maria, I heard your voice as I landed from the other side of the river, and hastened hither to see you. Well, what news, my pretty one? Have the friends of the vile Constitutionalists been forming any fresh plots to attack the soldiers of our most gracious sovereign, Dom Miguel?"

"Oh, I hear nothing now," answered the girl, in a tone of melancholy. "They do not trust me. They suspect me since—Oh, how long you have kept away!"

"Business, business! A soldier has not his time at his own command, *minha menina*," answered the man laughing.

"It was cruel in you, Senhor; but we girls are not like you men. When we love, we love with all our hearts; we give everything till nothing remains."

"Yes, you are tender chickens," said the soldier, in a contemptuous tone; but the girl did not understand him.

"Oh!" she suddenly exclaimed, clasping her hands and looking up into his face, "tell me, Senhor, when will you marry me, as you promised?"

"When! when, as I said, the vile Constitutionalists have been driven from the city of Oporto, and the place is given up to plunder; not before, I can promise you. Basta, don't ask me again."

The girl sank down into her seat with a sigh. As he uttered these words, a third person, who had overheard them was added to the group. For some moments he stood, alternately regarding the other two, without speaking, although the convulsive grasp with which he held the handle of a long knife, stuck in a sheath in his waistband, showed that no gentle feelings were working in his bosom. The costume he wore, similar to one we have already described, announced that he was a simple boatman, although his dauntless bearing and stern air made him the superior of the man he so boldly confronted. The Guerilla officer would evidently have gladly dispensed with his company, nor did he venture to meet his steadfast gaze. At last the young boatman could no longer contain his passion within bounds.

"So, Senhor Gaviao," he exclaimed, "not content with robbing us of our money, you would seduce the affections of our maidens, and then leave them to reproach and misery by your false promises. You expect to revel in the plunder of the heroic city of Oporto, whose brave inhabitants defy the utmost efforts of your friends to conquer them. Never! Mark my words, that city you shall never enter alive, except perchance with a halter round your neck, and therefore never shall you marry that poor maiden."

"Fool, madman, idiot! These words shall cost you dear," cried Gaviao for it was the badly-celebrated Guerilla chief whom we have again introduced on the scene. He gnashed his teeth as he spoke. "How dare you, a vile,



plebeian, address such words to me?" he continued. "Begone; or a prison awaits you!"

"Prisons were not built for the free," answered the young boatman, boldly. "I speak thus, because I fear you not. What greater harm can you do me than you have already done? You have robbed me of my money, but for that I pardon you. You murdered my brother, and for that I will be avenged, aye, and amply too, and now you are seeking to rob me of my mistress. A day of heavy reckoning will come and that soon."

"Audacious fool, you have brought your fate upon your head," exclaimed the Guerilla chief, drawing a pistol from his belt, and levelling it at the bosom of the young boatman; but as he did so, Maria, who had been watching every motion with intense anxiety, sprang forward, and drew back his arm.

A report was heard, the smoke cleared away, and the young boatman stood uninjured, holding in his upraised hand his glittering knife. With a fierce ejaculation he threw himself upon his enemy, and the next moment would have been the Guerilla's last, had not Maria rushed before him.

"Hold, Antonio, hold!" she cried. "I saved your life; spare his."

The young man hesitated, and, with a deep-drawn sigh, the hand which grasped the deadly weapon sank by his side. The Guerilla seized the moment to draw forth his second pistol, and had it not been for Maria's vigilance he would have succeeded in killing his rival. As it was, the ball grazed the right arm of the youth, whose just revenge Maria could scarcely have restrained, had not at the same moment an armed party been seen hurrying up the bank from the river.

"Haste, haste, and secure this rebel," exclaimed the Guerilla, as soon as he observed them, but he did not attempt to seize the youth himself. "Shoot him—shoot him!" he cried, as the latter began to move.

The young boatman cast a glance of defiance at his opponents and one of agonized regret at the girl, and then bounded like a chamois up the hill, and was lost to sight among the surrounding trees. Urged on by their chief, the Guerillas pursued for some way, shouting to each other, and firing off their muskets and carbines as they caught a glimpse of the chase. The poor girl in the meantime sank down on the ground, and hiding her face in her hands, burst into tears.

She was aroused by the voice of the Guerilla; a sigh escaped her bosom, as if her heart was relieved, as she saw that Antonio was at all events not in the hands of his followers.

"Adieu, my pretty Maria," he said, taking her unresisting hand, though she returned not the pressure. "I must be on the other side of the water attending to my affairs; but, in the meantime, you will be no more annoyed by that fellow."

"What!" exclaimed Maria, vehemently. "Cruel man, you have not killed him!"

"Bastante! He is food for the fishes of the river," answered Gaviao, with a scornful laugh, as he moved away with his ruffian followers.

Maria wrung her hands, and wept with bitter anguish. "Ah me, and I have killed him," she cried.

Verily, woman is a strange compound—tender, loving, changeable, full of pity, proud, ambitious, cruel, partaking much of the nature of angels, with some sparks of their antagonistic principle. At that moment her heart dwelt more with her humble admirer than with her proud and powerful lover, and had Antonio again appeared, gladly would she have welcomed him with open arms, and unasked have promised to discard for ever his rival.

In the meantime the Guerilla officer entered a boat with some of his followers. A considerable number he ordered to remain during the night in the neighbourhood, while he proceeded down the river. After rowing for some time, with a strong breeze against them, the boatmen ran alongside the northern bank, a short distance above the Tamega. At this spot, mostly surrounded by trees, arises a lofty and rugged rock, on the summit of which stands the once sacred walls of a convent. The site was selected by the Moors for a fortress, which must have been of great strength; from its overhanging the river, it was by them denominated *al Pendurada*, which appellation it retains to the present day. On the expulsion of the infidels from that part of the country to more southern provinces, the edifice was converted by some Benedictine friars into a domicile for their order, and in their possession it had ever after remained to the time of which we write, retaining much of the gloomy grandeur of its former character. Now, what a change has come over the scene! Both Moors and monk have disappeared; and in their place the bat flaps its wings, the ill-omened owl shrieks forth its midnight cries, and the prowling wolf thither seeks his abode,—no unfit representatives of its late inhabitants, if the tales told of them in the neighbourhood bear any resemblance to the truth. Little more than twelve years have worked this change. What events will the coming like period bring forth! Shall we see the monks restored to their former abodes and unbridled power! Shall we see tyranny, bigotry, and their attendant vices rampant in Lusitania, as of yore? or has truly a happier period commenced? We are no prophets, but we consult the past, we examine the present, and tremble.

We have been led away from our tale. The scenery surrounding the rock is very beautiful, but Gaviao paid no attention to it as he hurried on towards the convent, and climbing the steep acclivity, rang at the entrance gate. He was received by an aged porter, the rueful expression of whose countenance made him ask hastily if any news had arrived from the seat of war.

The old man had scarcely time to answer, when several friars, mostly aged and infirm, came hobbling forth to meet him.

"What news is this I hear, Padre Bernado?" he asked fiercely. "Can it be true?"

"Too true, my son," said the old man, shaking his head mournfully. "Lisbon is in the hands of the enemy, the fleet of his Majesty, Dom Miguel, has been taken, his army is hard pressed, and the garrison of Oporto are making sorties in all directions, but what is more, the peasantry have risen in many districts and declared in favour of the Constitution."

This information made the heart of the Miguelite sink within him, nor for some time did his bearing regain his usual audacity till revived by the good cheer and ruby wine which the monks set before him. Even some of the brethren bore marks of the fierce contest which had been for so long raging in the land, in the shape of bullet and sabre wounds, the younger and bolder ones having gone forth with weapons and crucifixes in their hands to lead on the supporters of absolutism against those daring reformers, who had sworn to overthrow their order, and establish freedom and a pure faith in the land.

The copious draughts of wine they imbibed, at length raised the spirits of the party, and they began to look forward to the speedy recovery of their lost ground; racy stories were told, anecdotes, to which the ear of modesty could not listen, and wild adventures, such as holy friars are not supposed to encounter. Shouts of laughter echoed through the old vaulted hall, till the carouse

grew fast and loud. Gaviao was relating one of his savage exploits, when a lay-brother rushed hurriedly into the chamber, pale and agitated. His appearance quickly silenced the jests of the revellers, ready enough to be alarmed at any unusual circumstance, their mirth being more forced than real.

"What is the matter?" said the Prior, an old man, who had been raised to the post more on account of his easy temper than any other necessary qualification. "Tell us, man, what alarms you?"

"Why, Senhor Prior, as I came through the hamlet, I stopped at a venda where a number of men were collected, who asserted that his Majesty, Dom Miguel, would be expelled the country, and were vowing vengeance against all who supported him."

"That is very likely," said the Prior, puffing out his breath much relieved.

"We know that this is said. What of that?"

"Nothing, Senhor Prior, nothing; but that is not all. They declared that one of their greatest oppressors has taken shelter within these walls, and that if he is not delivered up to them when they demand him to-morrow morning, they will pull the convent about our ears, and turn all the brethren into the woods, to feed like swine upon chestnuts."

"Oh, the sacrilegious wretches!" cried the Prior and several of the monks in chorus. "What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"Do! holy fathers, do!" exclaimed Gaviao, with scorn in his tone. "Do! why shut the gates and defy the threats of the scoundrels?"

"Impossible, my son. They would tear the gates off their hinges, and break down the walls," said the Prior, in a trembling voice. "You must go forth by dawn to-morrow morning, and fly for safety to some other place. We will offer up prayers for your escape."

The monks were unanimous in their decision, for they well knew how the convents in the Azores and in the neighborhood of Oporto had been treated, and they had no wish to provoke the vengeance of the peasantry on their own heads.

"As you determine on it, I will depart," exclaimed Gaviao hastily, rising from his seat; "but remember, holy fathers, if I fail, my death will be on your head."

"Paciencia!" said the Prior, shrugging his shoulders; "we will pray for you."

The Guerilla chief spent the first part of the night in seeing that his accoutrements were in good order, that his steed was well shod and fed, and also that the horses of two of his followers were well prepared for a forced journey. He then threw himself to rest, for a few hours, in the vacant cell of one of the monks. Long before dawn summoning his two attendants, he descended to the court yard, where in gloomy silence and alarm they saddled and bridled their steeds, cursing in their hearts the selfish cowardice of the monks, who were thus inhospitably dismissing them.

A small postern gate, which led to a narrow path, concealed among trees and rocks down the hill, being opened by one of the monks, who gave them his benediction, they silently emerged from the sheltering walls of the convent. The charger Gaviao rode, was of the Andalusian breed, strong and active, and from the jet black hue and extraordinary performances, believed fully by the ignorant peasantry he had maltreated, to have been the especial gift of the evil one.

With cautious steps the three men picked their way in single file down the steep and rugged path, the loose stones rolling every instant from beneath their horses' hoofs—the tramp of their steeds awakening the dead silence of the night. At length they reached the more level ground, Gaviao directing his course to the east, and selecting the less frequented paths along the banks of the river.

Not a word did they venture to utter, as they pushed on at as fast a rate as the uneven nature of the country would allow. Sometimes they would draw rein to listen, fancying they heard the sound of human voices, but their imagination deceived them. Then they would endeavour to make up for lost time by spurring on their steeds over the rough stones and deep ruts in their path. The aim of the Guerilla chief was to ride along the banks of the river till he could arrive opposite the spot on the southern side where a considerable number of his followers were assembled, and where he hoped to engage a boat to ferry him across, not daring to trust those he might find lower down, as he felt fully conscious of the deep hatred with which he was regarded by all the boatmen on the Douro.

Onward they rode, the two followers equally alarmed with their Captain. Every time the hoofs of their horse struck against a stone, they fancied the sound the click of a carbine or pistol; or as the boughs of the trees rubbed together, moved by the breeze, they expected some one to be preparing to rush out upon them. They felt, in truth, like criminals escaping from justice, and they knew that they were surrounded by foes, their own tyranny had created. At last, the faint streaks of dawn appeared in the eastern sky, and object after object became more clearly defined; still no enemy had appeared.

"We shall yet escape the villains," said Gaviao as they toiled up a steep hill near the spot where he intended to cross the river.

As they reached the summit, the sun rose with unobscured splendor behind the lofty ridges of the Marao, their own figures being clearly defined against the brightening sky. At the same moment, a shout swelled up from the vale just quitted, when, turning his head, Gaviao beheld, to his dismay, advancing towards him, a large party of armed men, who, by their gestures, he conceived, were not likely to be very friendly disposed towards him. Giving one more glance to ascertain their numbers and distance he plunged his spurs into his courser's sides, ordering his Guerillas to defend the road till he could effect his escape.

At this desperate juncture, his authority was disregarded, for the men, instead of obeying his commands, dashed after him down the steep declivity, and then discovering a path leading on one side, fled for their lives into the interior of the country, leaving him exposed to the fury of his enemies. Finding himself deserted, Gaviao uttered a curse on the dastardly conduct of his men, but he had still hopes of escape.

As his pursuers arrived at the summit of the hill, he had reached the bank of the river, and, as he continued his course, he waved his hand, and shouted loudly to summon some of his band to ferry over a boat from the opposite shore. The signal was unobserved and his voice unheard. His pursuers, vowing vengeance on his head, rushed down the hill, led on by a young man of athletic form, carrying a rifle in his hand, and habited in the light dress of a boatman. It was truly a race of life and death. Gaviao full well knew his danger, and his gallant steed seemed to share his rider's feelings. Unhesitatingly he galloped over the roughest ground, clearing at a bound deep chasms worn by the winters' torrent, ploughing up the soft sand and scattering far and wide the loose shingles in his course.



The peasants and their leader with unabated speed, were advancing towards him; they well knew that no boat would cross to bear him from them; they felt sure that their prey was within their grasp. Anxiously he scanned the opposite shore, but no bark was moving. He turned his head and beheld in advance of his companions the figure of the young boatman. It was one he could not mistake—one whose bitter vengeance he had so often provoked,—the Arraes Antonio.

The sight added fresh wings to his speed. He no longer hesitated what course to pursue; at every risk he must swim his steed across the stream. Before him lay a vast expanse, formed of ledges of the roughest rocks, extending so far into the river that its course was reduced to half its original breadth. From the scarcity of the water however, the current not being very rapid, he might hope easily to pass it, could he once reach the stream; yet it seemed impossible that any animal less active than the wild chamois could keep its feet upon that rugged ground, but Gaviao knew the power of his steed. Plunging his spurs into the bleeding flanks of the animal, he turned him towards the rocks. His pursuers simultaneously raised a shout of surprise as they watched his course.

Antonio was climbing a rock in advance of the rest; twice he had raised his rifle to fire but felt uncertain of his aim. From ledge to ledge leapt the gallant black steed, faltering not in his course. One deep chasm, through which the water rushed wildly, alone remained to be passed; the spurs were pressed to his flanks, and he cleared it at a bound; one more spring and he would be breasting the current.

Several persons at the same time were seen hurrying down the opposite bank, and among them was a female figure, who, by her gestures seemed urging the men to launch a boat into the stream, to carry succor to the fugitive. At that moment, Antonio raised his unerring rifle,—the report echoed among the surrounding heights; a loud shriek was heard: the black steed plunged forward, and was seen bravely stemming the tide, but his rider was not there. A dark object for a moment rose to the surface, and was hurried down the foaming stream. His dark courser reached the opposite shore in safety, but the body of the Guerilla Captain was never found.

The unhappy Maria watched the dreadful catastrophe from the opposite shore. Had the fierce Guerilla returned to her with his usual haughty bearing she would have spurned him from her feet; as a fugitive for life, she was prepared to shelter and save him, though love had vanished for ever from her bosom. Such is woman! As she beheld the fatal shot take effect, and the murdered officer spring from his coal black steed, ere he disappeared forever beneath the foaming tide, she sank fainting to the ground.

On the death of their chief, the remnant of his followers dispersed in every direction, to avoid the vengeance of the Constitutionalists. Maria dos Campos remained alone, for no one of her family had accompanied her, when, at the early dawn, she had quitted her couch to wander by the river's side. She was recalled to her senses by a voice pronouncing her name in a tone of tender endearment. She opened her eyes and beheld the young Arraes Antonio bending over her.

"What dreadful thing has occurred!" she exclaimed, in a feeble voice; "Ay, I know,—they told me you were dead. Oh, do not, do not spurn me, Antonio."

"Spurn you, dearest! My love is unchangeable. I have slain your enemy and mine, and the Charter is victorious. Viva! viva la Constitution!"

#### FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The moon, when at full, reflects upon the earth only about one three-thousandth part of the light of the sun; and the lunar rays, even when concentrated by a powerful lens, and the focus directed upon the bulb of a delicate thermometer, do not affect it in the slightest degree; hence the phrase, "the pale cold moon," is not only poetically beautiful, but philosophically correct.

The volume of bulk of carbonic acid gas expired by a healthy adult in twenty-four hours is said to amount to 15,000 cubic inches, containing about six ounces of solid carbon. This is at the rate of 137 pounds avoirdupois per annum; and taking the total population of the globe at seven hundred and sixty millions, the amount of solid carbon or charcoal every year produced by the human race will exceed 46,482,143 tons! Adding to this all the carbon produced by the combustion of fires and gas-lights, by the decay of animal and vegetable matter, the exhalations from springs, &c., there need be no marvel as to the source whence plants derive their solid or woody material (which is principally carbon), seeing that their leaves are specially fitted for the absorption of carbonic acid gas from the surrounding atmosphere.

In Britain, the deposition of dew from the atmosphere is generally less during the continuance of an easterly than of westerly winds, a phenomenon attributable to the different nature of the surfaces over which these winds travel—the former crossing the continent of Europe, and thus becoming comparatively dry and arid; the latter sweeping across the vast expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, and therefore becoming moist or hydrated, requiring but little reduction of their temperature for the copious deposition of dew to ensue upon terrestrial objects.

The atmosphere immediately incumbent upon the earth has the power of absorbing and retaining more of the blue rays of light than that at greater altitudes; and thus when we cast our eyes on high, we look through a volume of the densest air replete with blue light; and so likewise if we look abroad over an extensive tract of country, the horizon of which is formed by distant hills, they appear blue, or, in other words, they partake of the color of the medium through which they are viewed. If we journey to them, the blue color gradually vanishes, and at length their ordinary colors appear; and now, looking from the hills towards the spot from whence we journeyed, it in turn appears blue. The ridge called the "Blue Mountains" in Australia, another of the same name in America, and many others elsewhere, are not really blue, for they possess all the diversity of scenery which their climates can give; but to the eye when first discovered, they all at first appear blue, and they have retained the name.

"In addition to the numerous mechanical uses of wood," says Mr. Griffiths, "and its chemical use as a sort of artificial heat, the chemist discovers that it is capable of a most curious change or transmutation into edible matter; in fact, a kind of bread may be made from wood. This is effected by selecting the sawdust of the least resinous wood—that of beech, for example—washing it

with water to remove all soluble matters, and then gently drying it in an oven; after this, it is mixed with marshmallow juice, and formed into cakes, which are baked at a high temperature; and these, reduced to fine powder, with the addition of a little corn flower and leaven, from a dough, which, when moulded into loaves, and baked, constitutes bread more palatable than that prepared in times of scarcity from bran and husks of corn."

Towards the end of autumn may be often observed in the fields marks of footsteps, which appear to have scorched the grass like heated iron; this phenomenon was formerly regarded with superstitious dread, but can now be explained upon very simple chemical principles. When the grass becomes crisp by frost, it is exceedingly brittle, and the foot of a man, or even of a child, is sufficiently heavy to break it completely down, and effectually kill it; therefore, when the sun has thawed the frosty rime from the fields, these foot-tracks appear brown and bare in the midst of the surrounding and flourishing green grass.

The earth—speaking roundly—is 8000 miles in diameter; the atmosphere is calculated to be 50 miles in altitude; the loftiest mountain peak is estimated at 5 miles above the level of the sea, for this height has never been visited by man; the deepest mine that he has formed is 1650 feet; and his own stature does not average 6 feet. Therefore, if it were possible for him to construct a globe 800 feet—or twice the height of St. Paul's cathedral—in diameter, and to place upon any one point of its surface an atom of 1-4380th of an inch in diameter, and 1-720th part of an inch in height, it would correctly denote the proportion that man bears to the earth upon which he moves.

With respect to the distribution and growth of the vine, it requires, according to Meyen, at least five months of a mean heat of 59 degrees Fahrenheit to produce good wine. If September and October, the season when the grape fully ripens, have not this degree of heat, the wine is sour; and a country where this is the case is therefore unsuitable to the culture of the vine.

The shores of the lake Titicaca, in Peru, 12,700 feet above the level of the sea, are enclosed by a thick forest of a beautiful rush, which plays an important part in the economy of the surrounding district. Indeed the people of that country would live in great wretchedness if nature had not bestowed on it these plants, for it lies far above the limit of trees, and only a few bushes grow in its neighborhood. These rushes supply the natives not only with fuel, covering for their huts, and with matting, but they supply material for the construction of their rude balsas or boats, which are merely rush-woven, as are also the sails that waft them across the waters.

The works in operation for draining the lake of Haarlem seem to have stimulated the ingenuity of the projectors to a still more gigantic undertaking, which may be safely characterised as the boldest enterprise of the age; namely, the drainage of the Zuyder Zee, which, according to a plan published at the Hague, is proposed to be effected by the construction of an immense dike, cutting off the communication with the North Sea, and by forming a canal between Amsterdam and the coast, into which are to be diverted the rivers which at present empty themselves into the Zuyder Zee. The expense of this undertaking is estimated at ten millions sterling. The reader may not be aware that the Zuyder Zee was at one time an inland fresh-water lake, such as it is described by Pomponius Mela, and that its conversion into a gulf of the sea was effected in the thirteenth century, when violent storms destroyed the barrier between the ocean and the lake. Traces of this barrier still exist in the sandy islands and shoals between the Kelder and Ter Schelling.

We perceive from the newspapers that the South-Eastern Railway Company have established their confidence in the practicability of the submarine telegraph, by making preparations to lay down a line between Folkestone and Boulogne! Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

#### THE MISSISSIPPI.

There is one unique feature connected with the river Queen, which gives it, at times, a most romantic appearance. It is the point whence must start all distant expeditions to the North and West, and where the treasures of the Wilderness are prepared for re-shipment to the more distant markets of our own and foreign countries. Here, during the spring and summer months may often be seen caravans about to depart for California, Santa Fe, the Rocky Mountains, and Oregon, while the sprightly step and sparkling eye will speak to you of the hopes and anticipations which animate the various adventurers. At one time, perhaps, may be seen a company of toil-worn trappers entering the city, after an absence of months, far away on the head waters of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, where they have hunted the beaver, the buffalo, the otter, the bear, and the deer; and as they steal away to their several homes, from the door of the Fur Company, where they have just rendered their account, it does the heart good to ponder on the joys which will be brought into existence by the happy return. And the Indians, from different nations, who often visit this place, also add greatly to the picturesque appearance of its streets. Summoned by curiosity, they congregate here in large numbers, and while their gaudy trapping and painted faces remind us of the strange wild life they lead, their prowling propensities and downcast eyes inform us of the melancholy fact, that they are the victims of a most heartless, though lawful oppression. This remark, by the way, reminds me of a living picture which I lately witnessed, and will briefly describe. It was the sunset hour, and I was returning from a ride on the eastern bank of the great river. The Western sky was flooded with a saffron glow, in the midst of which floated unnumbered cloud-islands, tinged with deepest gold. Underneath lay the beautiful city, with its church-spires up-pointing to the Christian's home; then passed the rushing tide of the Mississippi ploughed by many a proud keel; and in the foreground was a woody bluff, on the brow of which sat a solitary Indian, humming a strangely solemn song, as his white locks and eagle plumes waved in the evening breeze. I asked no question of the sorrowing dreamer, but pursued my way, pondering on the cruel destiny which has power to make man a stranger and an exile, on the very soil from which he sprang, and where repose the ashes of his forgotten kindred.

Lover as I am of genuine art, it will not do for me to leave this city, the sturdy child of a new and great empire, without alluding to its treasures in this particular. The bright particular star, who uses the pencil here, is Charles Deas. He is a young man who left New York about eight years ago, for the purpose of studying his art in the wilds west of the Mississippi. He makes this city his head-quarters, but annually spends a few months among the Indian tribes, familiarizing himself with their manners and customs, and he is honorably identifying himself with the history and scenery of a most interesting portion of the continent. The great charm of his productions is found in the strongly marked national character which they bear. His collection of sketches is already valuable. The following are a few of the pictures which I saw in his studio, and which pleased me exceedingly. One, called the Indian Guide, represents an aged Indian riding in the evening twilight on a piebald horse, ap-

\* The story was told me while visiting the spot; but had not my informant been present at Gaviao's death, I could not have believed it possible that a mortal steed could have passed over the wild sea of rocks I have described. Gaviao Pessoa was a man of family belonging to Amarante. When the Constitutionalists advanced after the siege of Oporto was raised, they spared the residences of the Miguelites who had treated their friends with kindness while in their power; but they invariably destroyed the property of those who had behaved with cruelty and tyranny.



parently musing upon the times of old. The sentiment of such a painting is not to be described, and can only be felt by the beholder who has a passion for the wilderness.

Another, Long Jake, is the liberal portrait of a celebrated character of the Rocky Mountains. He looks like an untamed hawk, figures in a flaming red shirt, and is mounted on a black stallion. He is supposed to be on the ridge of a hill, and as the sky is blue, the figure stands out in the boldest relief. Artistically speaking, this is a most daring effort of the pencil, but the artist has decidedly triumphed. In a picture called Setting out for the Mountains, Mr. Deas has represented a species of American Cockney, who has made up his mind to visit the Rocky Mountains. He is mounted on a bob-tailed, saucy-looking pony, and completely loaded down with clothing, pistols, guns, and ammunition. He is accompanied by a few covered wagons, a jolly servant to be his right-hand man, and two dogs, which are frolics on the prairie ahead, and while the man directs the attention of his master to some game, the latter shrugs his feeble shoulders, seems to think this mode of travelling exceedingly fatiguing, and personifies the latter end of a misspent life. You imagine that a few months have elapsed, and, turning to another picture, you behold our hero Returning from the Mountains. Exposure and hardships have transformed him into a superb looking fellow, and he is now full of life and buoyancy, and riding with the most perfect elegance and ease a famous steed of the prairies. The wagons, servants and dogs, are now in the rear of our adventurer, who, comically dressed with nothing but a cap, a calico shirt, and pair of buckskin pantaloons, is dashing ahead, fearless of every danger that may happen to cross his path. These pictures completely epitomize a personal revolution which is constantly taking place on the frontiers. One of our artist's more ambitious productions, represents the daring feat of Captain Walker, during a recent memorable battle in Mexico. The story is that the Captain, who happened to be alone on a plain, had his horse killed from under him, and was himself wounded in the leg. Supposing, as was the case, that the Mexican savage would approach to take his scalp, he feigned himself dead, as he lay upon his horse, and as his enemy was about to butcher him, he fired and killed the rascal on the spot, and seizing the reins of his enemy's horse, he mounted him and rode into his own camp. In the picture Walker is in the act of firing. But the picture upon which Mr. Deas's fame will probably rest, contains a large number of figures, and represents the heroism of Captain James Clarke, who, when about to be murdered by a council of Indians at North Bend, threw the war-belt in the midst of the savages, with a defying shout, and actually overwhelmed them with astonishment, thereby saving his own life and those of his companions. This picture is true to history in every particular, and full of expression.

But enough about these productions of art. I am bound to the fountain head of the Mississippi, and feel impatient to be with nature in the wilderness. Before concluding this chapter, however, I will describe a characteristic incident which I met with in Saint Louis.

I had been taking a lonely walk along the banks of the Mississippi, and, in fancy, revelling amid the charms of this great western world, as it existed centuries ago. My mind was in dreamy mood, and as I re-entered the city the hum of business fell like discord on my ear. It was the hour of twilight and the last day of the week, and the citizens whom I saw seemed anxious to bring their labors to a close that they might be ready for the Sabbath.

While entering quietly through a retired street, I was startled from a waking dream, by the sound of a deep toned bell, and, on lifting my eyes, I found that I stood before the Catholic cathedral. I noticed a dim light through one of the windows, and as the gates were open, I remembered that it was the vesper hour, and entered the church. The inner door noiselessly swung to, and I found myself alone, the spectator of a most impressive scene. A single lamp, hanging before the altar, threw out a feeble light, and so feeble was it, that a solemn gloom brooded throughout the temple. While a dark shadow filled the aisles and remote corners, the capitals of the massive pillars on either side were lost in a still deeper shade. From the ceiling hung many a gorgeous chandelier, which were now content to be eclipsed by the humble solitary lamp. Scriptural paintings and pieces of statuary were on every side, but I could discern that Christ was the centre of attraction in all. Over, and around the altar too, were many works of art, together with a multitudinous array of sacred symbols. Just in front of these, and in the centre of the mystic throne, hung the lonely lamp, which seemed to be endowed with a thinking principle, as its feeble rays shot out into the surrounding darkness. That part of the cathedral where towered the stupendous organ, was in deep shadow, but I knew it to be there by the faint glistening of its golden pipes: as to the silence of the place, it was perfectly death-like and holy. I chanced to heave a sigh, and that very sigh was not without an echo. The distant hum of life, alone convinced me that I was in a living world.

But softly! A footstep now breaks upon the silence! A priest in a ghost-like robe, is passing from one chancel door to another. Another footstep! and lo! a woman, clothed in black, with her face completely hidden in a veil, passes up an aisle and falls upon her knees in prayer. She has come here to find consolation in her widowhood. And now, slowly tottering along, comes a white-haired man, and he, too, falls in the attitude of prayer. With the pleasures of this world he is fully satisfied, and his thoughts are now taken up with that strange pilgrimage, whence travellers never return, and upon which he feels he must soon enter.

Other life sick mortals, have also entered the sanctuary, offered up their evening prayer, and mingled with the tide of life once more. But again the front door slowly opens, and a little negro boy, some seven years of age, is standing by my side. What business has he here,—for surely this offspring of a slave, and a slave himself, cannot be a religious devotee! I take back that thought. I have wronged the child. The Spirit of God must tabernacle in his heart, else he would not approach the altar with such deep reverence. Behold him, like little Samuel of old, calling upon the Invisible in prayer! What a picture! Twilight in a superb cathedral, and the only worshipper a child and a slave!—[Summer in the Wilderness.]

## A TRIP TO THE SOUTH—NO. 7.

SAVANNAH.—(Continued.)

Returning to Savannah, after my late digression, I would here observe, that there is less apparent aristocracy here than at Charleston, although probably there is as much in reality; that aristocracy I mean, with which persons of wealth invest themselves—a sort of substitute for that, which in Europe is founded on high ancestral origin and hereditary descent. In the latter of these places, there is also more of fashionable style; the equipages of persons in the higher walks of life, are more numerous and imposing; and mercantile

men may be seen every day returning from their counting houses, with servants riding behind them in the carriage, or following them on horseback; while at Savannah the more humble poney is substituted by the rich; and those who are less wealthy, trudge along on foot.

While I remained at Savannah—a period of two months, I had an opportunity of attending the various places of public worship; and—as will have already been perceived,—the courts of justice. In the State of Georgia, the Judges by a strange anomaly are elected by the popular branch: the consequence has been such as was to have been expected—the decisions of those functionaries have not always been correct in a legal point of view, and were as various and contradictory, as could well be imagined. Hence it has recently been found necessary to establish a Superior Court, to ascertain where the hedges and meshes of the law lie, and to review many of those decisions. This Court met at Savannah for the first time while I was there. It consists of three Judges, who take up in routine, and deliver judgment upon causes that come before them for revision, having been removed from the courts below; thus increasing the expense of litigation, without rendering it less uncertain or diminishing its extent.

Of course I availed myself of the opportunity which my protracted stay afforded, to attend most of the churches: in all of which clergymen of a very respectable order of talent officiate. The principal Presbyterian Church, fronting on South Broad and Bull streets, in the centre of the city, is a splendid and spacious building; and its steeple,

“Pointing with tapering spire to heaven,”

is by far the handsomest I have seen in America. It is of great height, and from the eminence it affords, there is a most commanding view of the town, the river—extending some fifteen miles—to the light-house, and embracing the South Carolina shore, till it intersects the ocean.

The interior of the building is chaste and beautiful in the highest degree; and the musical portion of the service is aided by the deep pealing of an excellent organ. This church had just been repaired, at a cost of \$10,000. On approaching the town, either by land or water, and which lies embosomed among the numerous trees that are cultivated in the gardens, streets, and public squares with much care; the steeple of this temple of religion is the only object that strikes the sight, intimating to a stranger the vicinity of a town; and adds much to the beauty of the view.

In examining the interior of this church, I was much struck with the entire absence of the small table in the centre of each pew, so familiar to a native of Scotland, or the North, whither Scotsmen have emigrated: and on Sunday there was little in the services of the day to remind one of the denomination of Christians who there assembled; but which usually cannot be mistaken elsewhere. I recollect two or three years since, taking a gentleman from Maine, to a presbyterian church in one of the British Provinces. He had not been at one for thirty years;—not since his mother who carried him there,

“Had shielded his infant innocence with prayer.”

On coming away however, he said that in what he had just witnessed, he recognised the same kind of sermon,—had listened to the same solemn style of singing,—the same old-fashioned tunes,—the same sort of reverential prayer,—and felt the same tendency to sleep, as when he formerly frequented the church of his childhood's home, in his earlier and probably happier years. It is this stability that invests the institutions of the old world with an interest, which time cannot obliterate or distance change; and which throws a sanctity and a charm, over the recollection of the merry hearths and homes of Britain.

At first on my arrival at Savannah, I attended at Christ Church, which was near my lodgings; but was compelled to abandon it, on account of the damp and chilly atmosphere, which is engendered in a stone building that has been closed during the past week, and in which at that time no fire was made on Sunday; or, if it was opened for the purpose of being aired, was, in pursuance of an undeviating rule, and not with reference to the weather, on one particular day. On Friday the 8th of January, the weather was very cold; and this unfortunately was the day of the week set apart for airing the church. The sexton accordingly opened the windows, and let in as much wind, with the thermometer down to 30 degrees, as the building would contain; which as the evening approached he carefully shut in, by closing the windows again. The following Sunday there was a reaction in the weather out of doors, it was delightfully warm, and the sun shone with full splendour and brilliancy; but on entering the church, the sensation produced was such as might be anticipated, resembling that produced or entering an ice house or a tomb. I remember hearing a Baptist minister say, some years since, that he never knew but one person who caught cold from immersion—and it was because he did not possess sufficient faith. Feeling pretty much in the same predicament, I took up my hat, and silently sought a more genial climate.

There was also another drawback upon the services at Christ Church. Whether it was, that the churchwardens possessed this gift, or were so enveloped in their devotions, that they were insensible to all outward annoyance, I know not; but the doors of the church closed by means of pulleys, the wheels of which, from neglect, made a creaking noise whenever set in motion; and as a large portion of the congregation generally contrived to arrive after the service had commenced, these were kept in continual play, to the evident annoyance of persons of nervous susceptibility. A few drops of oil, would at any time have set all right; but that was never thought of. It may have been however, that those gentlemen were not present—that, it may be in Georgia as in Nova, where the law compels every man to go to church, except the churchwardens; who, during the hours of divine worship, are required to perambulate the town, and see that no other individual is in the street; consequently



their absence, rather than the causes to which I have referred, may account for a constant accompaniment to the service, which brought to my mind those alluded to by Cowper, who was of opinion that "there is somewhere in infinite space, a world that does not roll within the precincts of mercy; and where it is reasonable and even scriptural to suppose, tones are heard, that render woe insupportable, and which accumulate even despair."

I had previously noticed, fronting on South Broad Street, not far from the Presbyterian church, a low wooden building of humble pretensions, called St. John's Church, whither I bent my steps, and which I afterwards regularly attended; where the Rev. Mr. White officiates—a young and talented clergyman of the Episcopal church. He had just commenced a series of sermons on the creed, three or four of which I had the good fortune to hear, and which I trust he will be induced to send to press. Of course, entire novelty, when proving the existence of a Supreme Being and dealing with natural history, is not to be anticipated or expected at the present day; but his attributes as the Creator, preserver, and director of the universe—the order that everywhere prevails—the laws by which everything animate and inanimate are constructed and maintained—by which the productions of the field and the forest, from the humblest blade of grass up to the towering oak, are regulated;—by which flowers are made to yield their fragrance or to gladden the eye with their beauty—whereby man himself is caused to "live, move, and have his being," with a mind fitted for the acquirement of knowledge and an advancement in virtue, thus to be prepared for a higher and nobler state of existence; these are subjects of universal and deep importance, and should not in their discussion be confined to those, who casually or even constantly hear those discourses—it may be with a divided and wondering attention; but should be embodied in the published literature of the country; that all who desire it, may in a cheap and attractive way, be enabled to ponder at leisure on the works of creation, and be led from the contemplation of nature, to that of its divine source and author.

But I find I must reserve another, for a concluding letter on Savannah; and so for the present I take my leave.

E. W.

Mobile, Ala., April 10, 1847.

### Miscellaneous Articles.

#### PALACE INTRIGUES AT MADRID.

It appears that shortly after the queen had issued orders for the partial purification of her household, by the dismissal of the Marchioness of Santa Cruz, this worthy lady and her champion, with the terrific name of Cambres Atlas, retreated to the private apartments of the king consort, to consult and condole with his majesty on the gloomy prospects before them. The marquesa was not long in convincing the weak minded young man, that though the queen was undoubtedly mistress of her kingdom, and had power to bring about ministerial crises, and resolve them, dismiss her cabinet, dissolve the cortes, make peace and war, and decide finally, and irrevocably, on these and such like trifles, yet that the more important rule of the chamber maids, ladies of honor, &c., belonged exclusively to his majesty; that the queen might, according to the constitution, rule the nation, but that the king was master of his house. The enemies of the marchioness maliciously hint that her ladyship meant to be sarcastic in thus defining the peculiar duties of his majesty. However this may be, his majesty submitted to the soundness of her arguments, and declared he would protect her. He advised her, therefore, as well as the others, who were in the same situation, to remain firm at their post; and if the queen reiterated her orders of dismissal, to say that they had received the king's instructions to continue as before in the performance of their duties.

The queen in the meantime was made acquainted with what was going on; and on passing through the ante-rooms, asked why these people had not quitted the palace, as she had directed. The marchioness declared without much ceremony that they were there in obedience to the king's orders, and that there they were determined to remain.

Notwithstanding her respect for royalty, it is reported that that lady hinted something about plots in which the queen was concerned. "Plots!" exclaimed her majesty, "it is you and yours that have been plotting all your lives. It is you who are plotting, and in the king's apartment. But we shall soon see who commands in my father's house."

She then sent for the ministers, who informed her that she was undoubtedly mistress of the palace, and at liberty to dismiss or retain such of her attendants as she thought proper. Thereupon ensued the scene which I noticed yesterday, between Mazarredo and the marquesa, which, I am assured, was one of much more violence than what I described, and which terminated in the *exceunt omnes*.

The king failed at the moment to give an example of the energy he had recommended, and his fair *protege* was put to the door.

A week or two ago, Queen Christina, having been informed of what was to take place, tried to resume her former influence over her daughter's mind, and wrote her a letter, reproaching her for her ingratitude to herself, and attributing her conduct to the "bad education" she had received. The Queen replied to the Duchess de Rianzares, by saying that she did not educate herself.

The affair is no joke to the marchioness of Santa Cruz. The injury done to her worldly interests is serious. Her emoluments as mistress of the robes were considerable. She had apartments in the palace, carriages, horses, and servants, at her disposal; and her salary was about £800 per annum. Her private fortune is little or nothing.

The ingratitude of kings is proverbial; it remains to be seen whether Louis Philippe will now continue the pension of 1,000*fr.* per month which it is asserted he allowed her for her services to him and his. Those who take an interest in the lady hope his majesty will do so; if not out of gratitude for past services, at least as a retaining fee to insure future ones, should the time come again for performing them.

These are not the only dismissals which it is rumored have taken place, or are likely to do so. The chief of the Royal Chapel, the queen's confessor, the Archbishop of Cordova, patriarch of the Indies, has also it is believed, been relieved from the care of directing her majesty's conscience and presiding over her private devotions.

The joy spread amongst all the respectable part of the people of Madrid by these dismissals is great indeed. They are delighted at the heavy blows thus struck at the wretched *camarilla*, that actually kept the queen captive; that prevented her from knowing the real feelings of the nation; that acted as spies on her every act, and her every word; and that almost annihilated the affection which the Spanish people have always shown to their sovereign.

For the first time since the ill-omened return of her mother in 1844, the queen is received with enthusiastic *vivas* by the population as she passes through the streets of Madrid: the change of ministry thus indicating her majesty's desire for a humane and impartial system of government, was the first signal for the breaking of that expressive silence with which she was always, since the period above mentioned, received — *London Times*.

#### "ONLY TRY."

The U. S. Gazette translates the following from a French paper;

They used to say that every soldier carried in his cartridge box a marshal's baton. Might not one say in these days that every chorister carries in his wind-pipe a fortune? Here is one example at least:

About thirty years ago, in a little city of Italy, at Bergame, by a singular contrast, the company of the opera house was quite indifferent, while the choristers were excellent. It could scarcely have been otherwise, since the greater part of the choristers have since become distinguished composers. Donizetti, Cruvelli, Leodoro, Bianche, Mari, and Dolci, commenced by singing in the choruses at Bergame. There were, among others at that epoch, a young man, very poor, very modest, and greatly beloved by his comrades. In Italy the orchestra and the choristers are worse paid than in France, if possible. You enter a boot maker's shop—the master is the first violin. The apprentices relax themselves after a day's work by playing the clarinet, the hautboy, or the timbrels in the evening at the theatre. One young man, in order to assist his old mother, united the functions of chorister to the more lucrative employment of journeyman tailor.

One day, when he had taken to Nozari's house a pair of pantaloons, that illustrious singer, after looking at him earnestly, said to him very kindly:

"It appears to me, my good fellow, that I have seen you somewhere."

"Quite likely, sir; you may have seen me at the theatre, where I take a part in the choruses."

"Have you a good voice?"

"Not remarkably, sir; I can, with great difficulty, reach *sol*."

"Let me see," said Nozari, going to the piano: "begin the gamut."

Our chorister obeyed, but when he reached *sol* he stopped short, out of breath.

"Sound *la*—come try."

"Sir, I cannot."

"Sound *la*, you fool."

"*La, la, la*."

"Sound *si*."

"My dear sir, I cannot."

"Sound *si*, I tell you, or by my soul I'll—"

"Don't get angry, sir; I'll try *la, si, la, so, do*."

"I told you so," said Nozari, with a voice of triumph; "and now, my good fellow, I will say only one word to you. If you will only study and practice you will become the first tenor in Italy."

Nozari was right. The poor chorister who, to gain his bread had to mend breeches, possesses now a fortune of two millions, and is called *Rubini*.

#### ROSE CHERI.

As that clever actress, Rose Cheri, is now receiving the applauses of a London audience, everything connected with her has a certain interest. You must know, then, that she is one of the most virtuous females on her French stage—a distinction that cannot be too highly appreciated. Her parents were poor, and she came to Paris unprotected and unknown.—Young, she felt her vocation before any one would give her credit for it; and with difficulty she got an engagement to act the lowest part in the drama.

One evening, at the moment of representation, a *doublure* was wanting to play a leading part. Rose offered her services.

"Do you know the part?" asked the manager.

"Perfectly," was the reply.

"But you cannot perform it!"

"Let me try," said the novice.

"If you like to be laughed at, do," he added; and up rose the curtain.—And she played her part so well, and with such success, that she was called for after the piece was ended, and her name demanded—for hitherto, in her obscurity, she had hardly had a name.

"How do you call yourself?" said the astonished manager, before he led her before the enraptured public.

"Rose Scisseau."

"Scisseau!" exclaimed the manager; "that won't do; it will spoil all—the public will laugh at us! We must *improvise* something better than that. What's your mother's name?"

"Cheri!"

"Cheri!—that will do. Rose Cheri!—that's dramatic."

And from that time she has been so called; and Rose Cheri is now one of the most popular names in the dramatic world. What is there in a name? Why, more than there is imagined; since Rose Scisseau might have been fatal to the reputation of Rose Cheri.

#### CHINESE MODE OF DWARFING TREES.

The process is in reality a very simple one, and is based upon one of the commonest principles of vegetable physiology. We all know that anything which retards in any way the free circulation of the sap, also prevents to a certain extent the formation of wood and leaves. This may be done by grafting, by confining the roots, withholding water, bending the branches, or in a hundred other ways, which all proceed upon the same principle. This principle is perfectly understood by the Chinese, and they make nature subservient to this particular whim of theirs. We are told that the first part of the process is to select the very smallest seeds from the smallest plants, which is not at all unlikely; but I cannot speak to the fact from my own observation. I have, however, often seen Chinese gardeners selecting suckers and plants for this purpose, from the other plants which were growing in their garden. Stunted varieties were generally chosen, particularly if they had the side branches opposite or regular, for much depends upon this; a one-sided dwarf-tree is of no value in the eyes of the Chinese. The main stem was then, in most cases, twisted in a zig-zag form, which process checked the flow of the sap and at the same time encouraged the production of side branches at those parts of the stem



where they were most desired. When the suckers had formed roots in the open ground, or kind of nursery where they were planted, they were looked over, and the best taken up for potting. The same principles, which I have already noticed, were still kept in view; the pots used being narrow and shallow, so that they held but a small quantity of soil compared with the wants of the plants, and no more water being given than what was barely sufficient to keep them alive. Whilst the branches were forming, they were tied down and twisted in various ways; the points of the leaders and strong growing ones were generally nipped out, and every means were taken to discourage the production of young shoots which were possessed of any degree of vigour. Nature generally struggles against this treatment for a while, until her powers seem in a great measure exhausted, when she quietly yields to the power of art. The Chinese gardener, however, must be ever on the watch, for should the roots of his plants get through the pots into the ground, or happen to be liberally supplied with moisture, or should the young shoots be allowed to grow in their natural position for a short time, the vigour of the plant which has so long been lost will be restored, and the fairest specimen of Chinese dwarfing destroyed. Sometimes, as in the case of peach and plum-trees, which are often dwarfed, the plants are thrown into a flowering state; and then, as the flower freely year after year, they have little inclination to make vigorous growth. The plants generally used in dwarfing are pines, junipers, cypresses, bamboos, peach, and plum-trees, and a species of small-leaved elm.—*Fortune's Wanderings in China.*

#### HOW TO DEAL WITH THE CHINESE.

I was one day travelling amongst the hills in the interior of the island (Amoy), in places where I suppose no Englishman had ever been before. The day was fine, and the whole of the agricultural labourers were at work in the fields. When they first saw me, they seemed much excited, and from their gestures and language, I was almost inclined to think them hostile. From every hill and valley the cry of "Wylow-Fokei," or "Wylow-san-pan-Fokei," that is, "Be off to your boat, friend;" but on former occasions I had always found that the best plan was to put a bold face on the matter, and walk in amongst them, and then try to get them into good humour. In this instance, the plan succeeded admirably: we were in a few minutes excellent friends; the boys were running in all directions gathering plants for my specimen-box, and the old men were offering me their bamboo-pipes to smoke. As I got a little nearer to the village, however, their suspicions seemed to return, and they evidently would have been better pleased had I either remained where I was, or gone back again. This procedure did not suit my plans, and although they tried very hard to induce me to "wylow" to my "sanpan," it was of no use. They then pointed to the heavens, which were very black at the time, and told me that it would soon be a thunder-storm, but even this did not succeed. As a last resource, when they found that I was not to be turned out of my way, some of the little ones were sent on before to apprise the villagers of my approach, and when I reached the village, every living thing, down even to the dogs and pigs, were out to have a peep at the "Fokei." I soon put them all, the dogs excepted [which have a great antipathy to foreigners], in the best possible humour, and at last they seemed in no hurry to get rid of me. One of the most respectable amongst them, seemingly the head man of the village, brought me some cakes and tea, which he politely offered me. I thanked him and began to eat. The hundreds who now surrounded me were perfectly delighted. "He eats and drinks like ourselves," said one; "Look," said two or three behind me, who had been examining the back part of my head rather attentively, "look here, the stranger has no tail;" and then the whole crowd, women and children included, had to come round me, to see if it was really a fact, that I had no tail. One of them, rather a dandy in his way, with a no-le tail of his own, plaited with silk, now came forward, and taking off a kind of cloth, which the natives here wear as a turban, and allowing his tail to fall gracefully over his shoulders, said to me, in the most triumphant manner, "Look at that." I acknowledged it was very fine, and promised, if he would allow me to cut it off, I would wear it for his sake. He seemed very much disgusted at the idea of such a loss, and the others had a good laugh at him.—*Fortune's Three Year's Wanderings in China.*

#### PALM SUNDAY—CATHOLIC RITES.

The singing of the gospel on this day, is one of the most extraordinary and deeply impressive amongst all the solemnities of the church. Its moral effect is to bring before the mind the awful reality of the history (the passion according to St. Matthew) with a startling vividness that invests a narration familiar to us from childhood, with a power to astonish and thrill the soul, as a thing yet unknown or imagined.

Nor benediction is, as usual, asked; for this gospel records that the Author of all blessings was slain for us. No lights are borne, for the True Light becomes on earth extinguished. No incense ascends, because faith was found wanting, when all the disciples forsook him and fled. No *Dominus vobiscum* is sung, to imply abhorrence of the traitor Judas, who by a salute delivered the Son of God to death. Nor is the *Gloria Tibi Domine* responded by the choir, because grief, not joy, must now fill our hearts.

The ancient form of the Greek tragedy, was the origin of this method of singing the gospel. As the dialogue and action was confined to only two or three persons, and the comment or illustration which filled up the scene, supported by the chorus; so the historic recital of this gospel is given by a tenor voice, the words of the saviour by a bass, and those of any other single voice by a contralto, the exclamations of the multitude by the fuller choir. At the words *Jesus autem, emissis voce magna, expiravit*, all prostrate, and adore in silence, for some moments.

At the offertory is sung the first part of the *Stabat Mater*, to Parestrina's setting; and the character of that hymn, (attributed to Innocent III) passionately mournful in pity, intense in intertreaty, gives the great masterfield for the exercise of his wonderful powers. The *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*, after the elevation, is usually very beautiful in this mass. At the end, the cardinal celebrant announces, from the altar, the indulgence granted by his holiness.

The palms are supplied for the Papal chapel from St. Remo, on the coast between Nice and Genoa. A naval officer of that place, named Bresca, was present at the time of the Obelisk, which formerly stood in the Citiculus of Nero, was being erected on the Piazza di St. Pietro, by order of Sixtus V. So dangerous was the work, that it had been forbidden on pain of death that any one should speak, lest the attention should be distracted for a moment. But when Bresca saw that the ropes were on the point of taking fire from friction, he cried out '*Acqua alle funi*,' ('Water to the ropes') He was immediately arrested (as represented in a fresco of the Vatican library) and taken to the pope, who instead of punishing, promised him any reward he might demand. He made

his choice, and the exclusive right was granted to his family, for all generations, of supplying palms for the apostolic palace.—*Roman Advertiser.*

#### GEORGE III'S MODE OF DOING BUSINESS.

The king saw his ministers once a week at levee, when those who had any business that could be transacted verbally went into the closet; and on any emergency he was always accessible; but the greater part of his communications with them was in writing. The minister submitted the matter in the third person, and a simple form, as, "Mr. Pitt transmits for your majesty's consideration," &c.; or, "Mr. Addington submits for your majesty's approval;" and the king replied invariably (or nearly so) in a similar style: "The king has received; or, "The king returns the warrant," "The king is much pleased," or, "The king regrets," and signed, without any supplementary words, "George R." or "G. R." His majesty was very methodical and punctual in his arrangements, and he expected ordinary business to be transmitted in despatch boxes over night, to be ready for his inspection at a fixed and early hour of the morning. Boxes from the home and foreign offices went almost every night,—from other departments as occasion required. Once a-week he had returns of the state and distribution and movements of every ship and regiment of the navy and army, in particular forms, which he examined and observed upon, and certain of them were retained for his own use. These and other routine communications from the various departments usually, we believe, reached the king on Thursday morning, because, as the levee was on Wednesday, he might there receive any verbal communications explanatory of the papers that were to be looked at next day. He was very careful never to cause any unnecessary delay, and in order, we presume, to prevent the possibility of his despatch boxes being delayed in their transit for any undue purpose, he carefully noted the hour and minute that he received and sent them. Business extraordinary, or of any immediate interest, was received at all hours, and despatched with like regularity and celerity. No clerk in a public office or banking-house was ever more assiduous or accurate in the daily discharge of his duties than King George III. It must be remembered that, until the total loss of his sight, the king had no private secretary, nor any help of that kind, in the transaction of the variety of affairs that poured in upon him from all departments, and which nothing but a wonderful memory, and an extensive and minute acquaintance with all the business and interests of the country, could have enabled him to get through.

His letters to his ministers were always written *currente calamo*, often on the spur of important occasions, without draught or copy, and seem never to have been read over; at least, erasures or corrections are very rare in any that we have seen; so that a word is not unfrequently omitted, and the grammatical construction of the sentences is not always regular; indeed, it may be thought that his writings seem often to partake of that hurry of manner which at all times marked his conversation, and which was so long the vulgar and ignorant measure that satirists and libellers took of his majesty's intellect. We believe that every man's correspondence is liable to be affected in these particulars by the emotions of his mind, and it is certain that the king, ever after his great illness in 1789, and perhaps before was influenced by accidental disturbances (whether agreeable or otherwise) even when there was no derangement whatsoever of the understanding.—*Quarterly Review.*

#### A RUSSIAN BATH.

The under part of the bathroom is low, without any sloping elevation. The floor is thickly covered with clean, fresh straw, and at the side is an immense brick stove. Above the whole space of the chamber is a compartment, which is scarcely high enough for a man to sit upright in it. When the stove is thoroughly heated and is filled with the flowing flames of the coals, large stones are thrust into it, and are drawn out with iron hooks after they have become red hot, when water is poured over them. The hot, scalding vapour are immediately evolved, and the bath is ready. In the anteroom, the bathers have stripped off their clothes, which are watched by a keeper, who is responsible for each person's property, and they enter stark naked. As the heat from the steam is greatest at the highest elevation, the man who is unaccustomed to these bath feels as if his head were surrounded with burning fire. He grows giddy, is unable to stand upright, and does right if he throws himself on the soft straw of the floor, in order to pant for breath. Every drop of water burns the body as if it were melted sealing wax: a strong perspiration bedews the whole frame, and the man thus boiled begins to feel somewhat more at ease. The bathman, however, feels the atmosphere cooled, and again pours water on the glowing stones. Once more the hot steam rolls around the bathers and scalds their bodies; but the true Russian feels himself comfortable. He is soon, however, dissatisfied with the heat in the lower space, and clambers up the ladder into the upper region, the nara. Here the heat is indescribable; it is a real hell, where flames are breathed. The Russian stretches himself at length, for he too begins to feel the effects of the heat. A bathman, who has followed him, kneels near him, and gently strikes all parts of his body with birch twigs, from which the leaves have not been stripped. The Russian submits to this manipulation, and does not stir, while the skilful bathman turns him from side to side, like a log of wood. Suddenly, however, if he is a sturdy offshoot of his race, he springs up, clambers quickly down the ladder, and opens a little door into the yard, where he thoroughly cools himself by rolling in the snow. If it is not winter, and there is no snow, he causes some buckets of cold water to be poured over his head, and again ascends to his infernal heaven. When he has been sufficiently boiled, steamed, and flogged, he leaves the bathroom, puts on his clean linen, which consists only of a blue shirt and the dark, and contentedly quits the bath-house. A man who has been thus cleansed may be immediately known in the streets; for his face is of the colour of a boiled lobster, and his skin glistens as if it were lacquered. *Müller's Russland und seine Völker.*

#### A NOBLE THIEF.

The ball was succeeded by a collation of so costly a description as to prove that neither adverse seasons nor ungenial climates can withstand the power of gold. A number of tables, which were transported as if by magic into the gallery, presented to the delighted eyes of the wondering guests a variety of flower-beds, redolent of the rarest and richest blossoms; while others supported trees covered with exotic fruits, whence escaped, at intervals, flights of singing birds. This ingenious representation of the two brightest seasons of the year, was followed by the apparition of a hundred moveable sideboards, covered with every delicacy which could tempt the palate; and the attendants upon these accumulated dainties were already in full activity, when it was discovered that among the guests of majesty



were comprised certain individuals, who, more keenly alive to the delights of gain than to the indulgence of epicureanism, were possessing themselves of the jewels of their neighbours, to an excess which threatened to create considerable consternation among the losing party. The mortification of Louis XIV. upon being apprised of this disgraceful fact, was extreme; and he forthwith desired a number of the noblemen present to disperse themselves among the crowd, in order, if possible, to detect the delinquents; and, shortly afterwards, the Chevalier de Sully, chancing to be attracted by the movements of a gorgeously-attired individual, who was, as he remarked, constantly endeavouring to force himself through the very centre of the throng, determined to watch his proceedings; nor was it long ere he observed him in the act of cutting away a portion of the dress of the young princess, in order to possess himself of a diamond clasp, by which it was ornamented. M. de Sully lost no time in beckoning to his assistance a couple of his coadjutors; when, without troubling themselves to ascertain the identity of their captive, the three young men hurried their prisoner to the private closet of the king, according to their instructions, and immediately hastened to inform his majesty of the result of their zeal; upon which Louis XIV. himself retired for an instant from the glittering crowd, and, upon entering his cabinet, was painfully startled to find himself confronted with one of the greatest nobles of his court. The dialogue which ensued between the offended monarch and the dishonoured courtier was cold and brief; and was at length terminated by Louis XIV. who said contemptuously, "Enough, sir; more than enough. I perceive that you desired to wear the costly attire in which you now stand, gratuitously. Leave the palace on the instant; I at once despise and pardon you."—*Miss Par-doe's Louis the Fourteenth.*

#### THE SMALL TEMPTATIONS OF LIFE.

It is but rarely that we are assailed with temptations to great evil; and when we are so assailed, the evil itself, and the seductive circumstances that would tempt us to it, are too prominent and powerful not to absorb the whole attention of the mind, detracting it in a sort of conflict, or hurrying it along, according to the force of the moral hatred of guilt that overcomes or is overcome. In such cases, then, we think of the present, and scarcely of more than of the present. But how few are the cases of this kind, and how much more frequently are we called to the performance of actions in which, if the circumstances of the particular moment alone be considered, the virtue has little merit, or the vice little delinquency. It is of many such little delinquencies, however, that the guilt is ultimately formed, which is afterwards to excite the indignant wrath of every breast, except of that one in which the horrors of remorse, stilled, perhaps, in the dreadful moments of active iniquity, are all that is to be felt in the still more dreadful intervals from crime to crime. It is not of base perfidy then, nor of atrocious cruelty, that it is necessary to bid the ingenious mind beware but of offences in which that ingenious mind, untaught as yet to discern the future in the present, sees only the little frailties that, as proofs of a common nature, are pitied by those who contemplate them, rather than condemned; and attract, perhaps, in this very pity, an interest which is more akin to love than to hate.

It is in these circumstances only, or at least chiefly in these circumstances, that the moral character is in peril. There is not a guilty passion from which the heart would not shrink, if that passion were to present itself instantly, with its own dreadful aspect. But while the pleasures and the less hideous forms of vice mingle together, in what may also be termed the sport or pastime of human life, we pass readily and heedlessly from one to the other, till we learn at last to look on the passion, when it introduces itself among the playful band, only as we gaze on some fierce masquer in a pageant that assumes features of darker ferocity only to delight us the more, or which we approach at least with as little apprehension as if it were the gentle form of virtue herself that was smiling on us. It is from the beginnings of vice that we are to be saved, then, if we are to be saved from vice itself.—*Dr. Thos. Brown's Lectures on Ethics.*

#### REAPPEARANCE OF MRS. NISBETT.

This lady's return to the stage, on Monday, was welcomed with all the honours the public delights to shower on its favourites. Her reception was perfectly rapturous. The Haymarket was crowded to the roof, and at the first sound of her clear, ringing laugh behind the scenes—that laugh so well known, and so inimitable for the joy and light-heartedness it expresses—a perfect tumult of applause burst forth, which, renewed on her entrance, continued till she put an end to it herself by commencing the business of the scene. "The Love Chase" was the piece selected for her debut, one of those plays by Mr. Sheridan Knowles, of which it may be truly said that it belongs to no age, but which, nevertheless, from its extreme indefiniteness, we are inclined to set down as having some connection with the middle ages. The part of Constance is the only one possessing the slightest interest, and that Mrs. Nisbett has made her own by the most legitimate of all titles, the creation of it. She represents it as the spirit of joy and buoyancy personified, as the visible image of a temperament so bright and gladsome, that in its very exuberance of mirth it becomes provoking. It is in this class of character that Mrs. Nisbett is unrivalled; she is the most natural yet the most graceful of hoydens. Her high spirits carry her to the verge of elegant comedy, yet at the moment when she seems about to pass it, carried away by exuberant gaiety, some stroke of intellectual acting, or some beautiful attribute, restores her to Thalia again, as the wildest yet best beloved of her daughters. Her performance was animated in the highest degree; she retains all her talent and all her attractions; her laugh is as expressive and her features as playful as ever. In figure she is perhaps rather slighter, but the roundness of her form is as perfect as before. Her appearance in the different dresses of the character was picturesque in the highest degree. At the fall of the curtain she was recalled to receive the acclamations of the house, and to endure a shower of bouquets. In her peculiar line she is quite unrivalled, and it is perhaps to be questioned whether the stage ever exhibited a more charming representative of high-spirited gaiety. Her voice, with ringing laughter in every tone,—her face round, and dimpled with every shade of expression,—her figure suggestive of the lightness of heart that floats in an atmosphere of joy, make up a perfect image of Euphrosyne, while the intelligence which always sparkles in her performance gives the idea of a finished actress. As the chief grace of the comic theatre, we cannot wonder at the triumph of her reappearance on Monday.

#### "JENNY LIND AT LAST."

The effect of "hope deferred" is proverbial. And Mrs. Keeley, fearing that the anxious suspense felt by the British public respecting the advent of the Swedish nightingale might prey upon the British constitution, has sought to

create a diversion by producing an "English lark" at the Lyceum on Wednesday evening. Under the title of "Jenny Lind at Last; or, the Swedish Nightingale," we have, from the spirited pen of Mr. Angus Reach, a very clever, very eccentric, and very smart operatic bagatelle in one act. The piece is very slightly constructed, but it is robust enough to serve as a vehicle for some free hits at the Drury Lane management and the great Lind controversy.

Mr. Lawrence Leatherlungs, a tanner, is induced by his daughter Jenny to make a tour in Germany, only to wonder why people who can enjoy the comforts of Bermondsey should ever visit foreign lands. Miss Jenny is of the romantic school, with a passion for the Opera, and dying to become a prima donna. The father and daughter arrive at Heidelberg, where two persons overhearing some of Jenny's cadences mistake her for the fair Swede. These are Baron Swigittoff Beery, the recognised leader of a corps of students, and Mr. Granby Gay, a London manager, in search of a star. The students serenade her, the manager offers her an engagement, the students present her with the freedom of the city enclosed in a tobacco-box—the manager offers her carte blanche, and promises her "a blaze of triumph." At the same time the baron makes love to her on his own account, and wishes to engage her for life. Miss Jenny humours the "lark," and laughs at them all, until a triangular duel between her father, the baron, and the manager, compels her to put an end to the complication by declaring that she is not Jenny Lind, but Jenny Leatherlungs, of Bermondsey.

Mrs. Keeley was the heroine, and in her description of the Opera displayed execution that would astonish the original executants of the airs she parodied with genuine humour and wonderful facility. Mr. Wigan did well the little he had to do, and was encored in an invocation commencing:—

"Oh, Jenny Lind,  
Who can raise the wind,  
And poke your fun,  
At manager Bunn," &c.

But the unequivocal success of the trifle was due to Mrs. Keeley.

*The Import of a Lady's Dress.*—Let no woman suppose that any man can be really indifferent to her appearance. The instinct may have been deadened in his mind by a slovenly, negligent mother, or by plain, maiden, low-church sisters; but she may be sure it is there, and, with a little adroitness, capable of revival. Of course, the immediate effect of a well-chosen feminine toilet operates differently in different minds. In some it causes a sense of actual pleasure; in others, a consciousness of passive enjoyment. In some it is intensely felt while present; in others, only missed when gone. None can deny its power over them, more or less, or, for their own sakes, had better not be believed if they do. Such being the case, the responsibilities of a wife in this department are very serious. In point of fact, she dresses for two, and in neglecting herself, virtually defrauds her neighbour. Nature has expressly assigned her as the only safe investment for his vanities; and she who wantonly throws them back from their natural course, deserves either to see them break out on his own person, or appear in that of another. But independent of the plain law of instinct, there is one for the promotion of dress among ladies which may be plainer still to some—and this is the law of self-interest. It is all very well for bachelors to be restricted to a costume which expresses nothing beyond a general sense of their own unfitness to be seen—since they can be safely trusted for publishing their characters to the world with that forwardness which is their chief element; but heaven forbid that the spinsters should ever take to neglect. Will Honeycomb says that he can tell the humour a woman is in by the colour of her hood. We go farther, and maintain that, to a proficient in the science, every woman walks about with a placard, on which her leading qualities are advertised.—*Quarterly Review*

*A Mechanics' Institute in Turkey.*—At a village called Mackriquy, about two miles distant from Stamboul, on the coast of the sea of Marmora, there has existed for several years a little colony of English engineers, who, under the direction of a Mr. Hague, have been working iron mines, discovered by that gentleman, and carrying on an iron factory, also established by the same person. It may be thought a difficult thing in this country, where foreign operatives have very high wages, and a great deal of leisure and liberty, to keep their conduct within the bounds of decorum. Such, however, is the virtue of the scientific education in their own calling which these men have all received, and of the easy circumstances they enjoy, that their lives are remarkably regular and temperate, and they feel that by their example they may exert an influence for good on the natives who surround them, which may be felt very widely. Chiefly then with this view, but also for their own advantage, they have formed a committee. Mr. Hague being their president, for the purpose of founding a mechanics' institute at Mackriquy. Already the members of this society amount to more than three hundred; and its success, from another circumstance, very remarkable and most hopeful, may be said to be fully assured. The Sultan has taken the project under his protection. He has engaged to build a large stone edifice for the institute, and to furnish, at his own expense, all the books, maps, globes, and instruments for lecturing experiments, that may be required. You will rightly conjecture from this fact that not Europeans alone will constitute this association. It will be made up of many people—English, Americans, Armenians, Greeks, and Turks. The books to most of these, to be sure, will be sealed, though many Armenians and Greeks speak English and French. Gratuitous volunteer lecturers, however, may be found, especially among the Americans, who understand the Armenian and the Turkish languages, and it is much less difficult still to find persons able to lecture in Greek.—*Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.*

Mr. Hume has introduced a bill for a purpose of undeniable utility—the taxing of costs on private bills. The saving of money is desirable, but that is not its most important use. The enormous profits derivable from the litigation and legal activity brought to bear on private bills constitute a great premium equally, on the promotion of absurd measures and on vexatious opposition to very measures.

*Dislocated Metaphor.*—If an individual can break down any of those safeguards which the constitution has so wisely and so cautiously erected, by poisoning the minds of the jury at a time when they are called upon to decide, he will stab the administration of justice in its most vital parts.—*Lord Kenyon.*

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a vis for the other day. "Right over there?" said the boy, "'taint nowhere else!"



*The Washing of Pilgrims' Feet.*—A spectacle has been presented every evening during the past week, and will continue till that of Tuesday, which always attracts many strangers, and cannot be viewed without interest, however differently the spectators may be disposed. Persons of both sexes, some high in rank, have been seen washing, afterwards kissing, the feet of the pilgrims who have journeyed hither for the holy week, accompanying them in the recital of simple prayers, attending on them, like servants, at their meal, and afterwards have assisted them to prepare for rest. The different sexes are placed in separate departments of the hospital, and the persons regularly engaged for those charitable offices are enrolled in confraternities, numbering many of the first persons in the aristocracy of Rome. His holiness is enrolled in this association, and 27 cardinals, all living. Several kings have been so likewise; and up to the present year, the female confraternity (if its etymology allows such a use of the term) has been presided over by the Princess Rospigliosi.—*Roman Advertiser, April 3.*

### LATEST FROM MEXICO.

Our advices from New Orleans are to the 6th inst. We copy from the *Commercial Times* of that city.

By the arrival here, last evening, of the steam ship New Orleans, Capt. Wright, which left Vera Cruz on the 29th ult., we have received a mass of letters and papers from our friends and correspondents in that city.

Gen. Scott was vigorously pressing the enemy, affording the defeated Mexicans no respite. Jalapa and Perote have been occupied, and the report was current when the New Orleans set sail, that Gen. Scott was on the point of making a demonstration on Puebla itself.

The Mexican army, after heavy losses of killed and wounded, amongst which last Gen. Ciriaeo Vasquez, and other chiefs and officers of less note, who fell on the field of battle, has broken up altogether, not an officer or soldier remaining with their standard. Gen. Santa Anna, who commanded in chief, was the first, according to some, and the last according to others, to leave the field, accompanied by only 25 dragoons, taking the by-ways, and a party is even found to assert that they saw him in one of the villages of the Sierra, in search of horses to remount his escort.

Gen. Canalizo, in his retreat on Puebla, dismantled the fort of Perote, carrying off all the ordnance he could, and spiking such as he had to leave behind.

In consequences of this, the American troops advanced in triumph from Cerro Gordo to Jalapa, where the corporation and civil authorities went to meet them, and took possession of the city, where they behaved themselves in the same quiet and orderly manner as in Vera Cruz.

Gen. Worth left yesterday for Perote. The pass, nine miles from here, occupied by the enemy, has been abandoned, and was taken possession of by an advance last evening.

Col. Childs is the Military Governor of Jalapa.

General Patterson has recovered his health in a great degree.

JALAPA, April 23d, 8 A. M.

An express has just arrived from Gen. Worth. He entered Perote yesterday morning, about 11 o'clock, and found a Mexican colonel, who was charged with the surrender of the place with all the arms and munitions of war generally. None of the large guns were spiked and were found in excellent order. Amputia, with about 3000 disorganized lancers, moved out just far enough to avoid a conflict, and then proceeded on.

Santa Anna had not passed through Perote, and must now be in the mountains on this side of that place. We understand that information was received yesterday, that Gen. Worth had thrown his outposts towards Puebla, and would march immediately in that direction himself.

It is now certain that Santa Anna is at Orizaba, a little town at the foot of the mountain of that name, with about 1000 troops. He was seen at that place on Sunday morning last, and was heard to express his desire of remaining there till he could make another stand. He will not dare to return to the city of Mexico, is the universal opinion, until some success should crown his efforts to redeem his thousand promises to the deluded people and the clergy, the latter being now his only backers.

VERA CRUZ, April 29, 1847.

An express is in this morning (April 29th, 1847) bringing intelligence of the continued advance of Gen. Worth and some disconnected rumors from the city of Mexico. The citizens are throwing up walls of sand, I fancy, round the place, and expect the soldiers to defend them. How far their expectations may be realized, we may judge by the past.

The public voice is openly heard in opposition to the late Mexican demagogue Santa Anna. "Coward," "Down with the traitor!" are the cries that are now heard in the capital.

I am very happy to learn by this express, that Gen. Shields is not dead, he is improving.

### BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.—OFFICIAL.

*From the Union of Saturday night.*

The following very interesting despatch from Major General Scott was received at the War Office, by this evening's southern boat.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY.

Plan del Rio, 50 miles from Vera Cruz, April 19, 1847.

Sir: The plan of attack, sketched in General Orders, No. 111, [published in last evening's "Union,"] herewith, was finely executed by this gallant army, before 2 o'clock, p. m., yesterday. We are quite embarrassed with the results of victory—prisoners of war, heavy ordnance field batteries, small arms and accoutrements. About 3,000 men laid down their arms, with the usual proportion of field and company officers, besides five generals, several of them of great distinction. Pinson, Jarrero, La Vega, Noriega, and Obando. A sixth general, Vasquez, was killed in defending the battery (tower) in the rear of the whole Mexican army, the capture of which gave us these glorious results.

Our loss, though comparatively small in numbers, has been serious. Brigadier General Shields, a commander of activity, zeal, and talent, is, I fear, if not dead, mortally wounded. He is some five miles from me at the moment. The field of operations covered many miles, broken by mountains and deep chasms, and I have not a report, as yet, from a division or brigade. Twigg's division, followed by Shield's (now Col. Baker's) brigade, are now at, or near Jalapa, and Worth's division is in route thither, all pursuing, with good results, as I learn, that part of the Mexican army—perhaps, six or seven thousand men, who fled before our right had carried the tower, and gained the Jalapa road.

Pillow's brigade alone is near me at this depot of wounded, sick, and prisoners, and I have time only to give from him the names of the 1st Lieut. F. B. Nelson, and 2d C. G. Gill, both of the 2d Tennessee foot, (Haskell's regiment) among the killed, and in the brigade 106, of all ranks, killed or wounded.

Among the latter, the gallant brigadier general himself has a smart wound in the arm, but not disabled, and Major R. Fargueson; 2d Tennessee; Captain H. F. Murry, 2d Lieutenant G. T. Sutherland 1st Lieutenant W. P. Hale (adjutant) all of the same regiment, severely, and 1st Lieutenant W. Yearwood, mortally wounded. And I know, from personal observation on the ground, that 1st Lieutenant Ewell, of the rifles, if not now dead, was mortally wounded, in entering, sword in hand, the entrenchments around the captured tower.

Second Lieut. Derby, topographical engineers, I also saw, at the same place, severely wounded, and Captain Patten, 2d United States infantry, lost his right hand. Major Sumner, 2d United States dragoons, was slightly wounded the day before, and Capt. Johnston, topographical engineers) now lieutenant colonel of infantry) was very severely wounded some days earlier while reconnoitring.

I must not omit to add that Captain Mason and 2d Lieutenant Davis, both of the rifles, were among the very severely wounded in storming the same tower. I estimate our total loss, in killed and wounded, may be about 250, and that of the enemy 350.

In the pursuit towards Jalapa (25 miles hence) I learn we have added much to the enemy's loss in prisoners, killed and wounded. In fact, I suppose his retreating army to be nearly disorganized, and hence my haste to follow, in an hour or two, to profit by events.

In this hurried and imperfect report I must not omit to say that Brigadier General Twigg, in passing the mountain range beyond Cerro Gordo, crowned with the tower, detached from his division, as I suggested the day before, a strong force to carry that height, which commanded the Jalapa road at the foot, and could not fail, if carried, to cut off the whole or any part of the enemy's forces from a retreat in any direction.

A portion of the 1st artillery, under the often-distinguished Brevet Col. Childs, the 3d infantry, under Capt. Alexander, the 7th infantry, under Lieut. Col. Plymton, and the rifles under Major Loring, all under the temporary command of Col. Harney, 2d dragoons, during the confinement to his bed of Brevet Brigadier General P. F. Smith, composed that detachment.

The style of execution, which I had the pleasure to witness, was most brilliant and decisive. The brigade ascended the long and difficult slope of Cerro Gordo, without shelter, and under the tremendous fire of artillery and musketry, with the utmost steadiness, reached the breastworks, drove the enemy from them, planted the colors of the 1st artillery, 3d and 7th infantry—the enemy's flag still flying—and, after some minutes of sharp firing, finished the conquest with the bayonet.

It is a most pleasing duty to say that the highest praise is due to Harney, Childs, Plymton, Loring, Alexandre, their gallant officers and men, for this brilliant service, independent of the great results which soon followed.

Worth's division of regulars coming up at this time, he detached Brevet Lieutenant Colonel C. F. Smith, with his light battalion, to support the assault, but not in time. The General, reaching the tower a few minutes before me, and observing a white flag displayed from the nearest portion of the enemy towards the batteries below, sent out Colonels Harney and Childs to hold a parley. The surrender followed in an hour or two.

Major General Patterson left a sick bed to share in the dangers and fatigues of the day; and after the surrender went forward to command the advanced forces towards Jalapa.

Brigadier General Pillow and his brigade twice assaulted with great daring the enemy's line of batteries on our left; and though without success, they contributed much to distract and dismay their immediate opponents.

President Santa Anna, with Generals Canalizo and Almonte, and some six or eight thousand men, escaped towards Jalapa just before Cerro Gordo was carried, and before Twigg's division reached the national road above.

I have determined to parole the prisoners—officers and men—as I have not the means of feeding them here, beyond to-day, and cannot afford to detach a heavy body of horse and foot, with wagons, to accompany them to Vera Cruz.

Our baggage train, though increasing, is not yet half large enough to give an assured escape to this army. Besides, a greater number of prisoners would probably escape from the escort in the long and deep sandy road, without subsistence—ten to one—than we shall find again, out of the same body of men, in the ranks opposed to us.

Not one of the Vera Cruz prisoners is believed to have been in the lines of Cerro Gordo. Some six of the officers highest in rank, refuse to give their paroles, except to go to Vera Cruz, and thence, perhaps, to the United States.

The small arms and their accoutrements, being of no value to our army here or at home, I have ordered them to be destroyed; for we have not the means of transporting them. I am, also, somewhat embarrassed with the pieces of artillery—all bronze—which we have captured.

It would take a brigade, and half the mules of this army, to transport them fifty miles. A field battery I shall take for service with the army; but the heavy metal must be collected, and left here for the present. We have our own siege-train and the proper carriages with us.

Being much occupied with the prisoners, and all the details of a forward movement, besides looking to the supplies which are to follow from Vera Cruz, I have time to add no more—intending to be at Jalapa early to-morrow.

We shall not, probably, again meet with serious opposition this side of Perote—certainly not, unless delayed by the want of the means of transportation.

I have the honor to remain, sir, with high respect, your most obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

P.S. I invite attention to the accompanying letter to President Santa Anna, taken in his carriage yesterday; also to his proclamation, issued on hearing that we had captured Vera Cruz, &c., in which he says: "If the enemy advance one step more, the national independence will be buried in the abyss of the past." We have taken that step.

W. S.

I make a second postscript, to say that there is some hope, I am happy to learn, that Gen. Shields may survive his wounds.

One of the principal motives for paroling the prisoners of war is, to diminish the resistance of other garrisons in our march.

W. S.

Hon. Wm. L. Marcy, Secretary of War.



## OUR NEW PLATE.

Our magnificent new plate is almost complete. We have just had a proof from the artist. It is a portrait at full length of the immortal, although ex-minister SIR ROBERT PEEL, and as a work of art, we may venture to say that it has not an equal from the hands of an engraver on this continent. The plate is 27 by 18 inches in dimension, and the engraved part is about 24 by 16 inches. It is the compound effect of mezzotint, stippling, and line, which in modern works is so very greatly admired, and is executed by Doney, who, in such matters is considered one of the first among the first.

Before we issue this plate, we intend to prepare a written sketch of the great man.

*Notice.*—Some of the Southern towns in our list have not yet been served with the "Army and Navy," our last gift to subscribers. This has happened to those where an agent has not lately been. But they will be forwarded when they can be so safely, or if any of the subscribers in those places should happen now, or shortly, to be in this city, if they will please to call here, we shall be happy to forward the plates through their means.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*At Cincinnati.*—We beg to say that the missing numbers were regularly sent from hence, and the number of copies is always marked on the outside, the fault must lie at the place of destination. We have sent duplicates.

*W. P., at the same place.*—The price of the plates inquired for are as follows. For Scott, one dollar each, and for Louis Philippe, fifty cents each to Subscribers:—the Agent is on his way there at present and carries with him for delivery the plate of the "Army and Navy," but all orders are attended to carefully, as soon as received.

*DIED.*—On board the packet Steamer *Alhambra*, on her passage from New Orleans to Cincinnati, on the 24<sup>th</sup> ult., Mr. SAMUEL FAIRWEATHER, aged 26 years, of the firm of J. & S. Fairweather, of this City.—Mr. F. left here in November last for England in the pursuit of health—remained there a short time; and not finding any improvement, took passage for New Orleans, and was on his way home when he was called hence to be no more.—Suffice it to say in the death of the above named, few young men possessed a more amiable disposition, and his loss will be regretted by a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 6½ per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 15 1847.

## NATIONAL EDUCATION.

It has been observed already that every new and intended to be generally used institution, discovery, invention, or any other practical matter which is intended to be of national advantage, is imperfect at first, and why is that of national education expected to be at once immaculate and arranged in such a manner as in future to be incapable of improvement or of alteration in any of its details. The main objection to the governmental plan in Great Britain, is that of apprehension, lest the established religion should, in this case, be strengthened. Now if that should even have some grounds of expectation, it were better it were so than that the mass of the people should remain uneducated, immoral, liable to any prejudices, played with as the foot-balls or tools of demagogues, unreflecting beings, who have nothing to do with the body-politic, but are to be used as the chess-men of some few who are playing the game. Yet these objections are no more than *apprehensions*, and they are of that nature and drawn from that source, that we cannot help supposing that they themselves (the objectors) would adopt the manner they apprehend, if they had the same opportunities. The objectors, therefore, are for the most part worldlings, their motives, their objects, and their oppositions are, we think, no pure. Let us go back and trace up a little.

At the great period of the Reformation in Europe, the tyrannical and capricious ruler of England was neither Protestant nor Catholic, no one of any importance, whether they were people of rank or property knew how to deport themselves so as not to give offence and to keep their worldly condition out of jeopardy. The uncertainty of the thing and the monarch's caprice were a sad hindrance to the happiness and preventive of the tranquillity of the people. Yet the reform was evidently in advance and the English Reformers in the short reign of the minor successor Edward VI, did much in advancing the Protestant religion, so much that the rubric of the present day does not essentially differ from the one that was put forth in that time. After the early death of this promising young prince, the country fell into unusual horrors by the bloody deaths and the complete butchery of the Protestants, in the short but dreadful reign of the bigoted Mary; then gradually came on the disquietude incidental to the assertion on one side of the Divine Right of Kings, and on the other to the growth of puritanical doctrines, until the execution of a king and a short run of republicanism threw the whole country into a tumult which only the restoration of royalty could terminate. Then came a king, Charles II. who was professedly a Protestant, but directly and in fact a Roman Catholic, and who was followed by a bigoted professor of the latter church, who even in his predecessor's life-time had nearly been condemned to be an outcast from the possible succession, and who shortly as king had thrown himself from the throne, that we can hardly be surprised that a people like the English and Scotch, who so long had suffered by this unsettled state of religion, should desire a mode of keeping the matter quiet in future, and make a coronation oath, in which the Protestant Episcopal denomination should henceforth be considered the religion of the king and of the state.

Now the condition of things to which we have traced, is not yet one hundred and sixty years old, and it will not—nay, even for policy's sake—do to

be every now and then altering the terms of the royal coronation oath, for the purpose of pleasing the wishes, desires, and aspirations of dissentients, who will be always found, in any state of public affairs. Much alteration, many concessions, have been made, since 1688, and concessions are still made, and are in the progress of making as often as is found safe, convenient, and suitable to national change and the public feeling; but the world has grown wiser than to make at once radical national changes, the first effect of which is to throw the public into general tumult and dissatisfaction, and may do more harm than good, however the spirit that sets it in motion. Let reforms be gradual and well considered, not either rapid or upon too wholesale a plan, but on the other hand let not there be a determination expected that there be no reform at all, else human reason, judgment, experience, are set at naught, and "the wisdom of our ancestors" becomes an infallible maxim, and the divine gift of God to man, is by man himself set aside, as an useless donation.

Let therefore the blessing of general education be tried, under the auspices of "the powers that be;" taking all reasonable precaution that it be launched under favorable circumstances. Bid it "God speed," and let it have fair trial; watch its progress and its tendencies carefully, but put no vexatious bar in its way. There will be always plenty of watching, in its course of action; there will be at all times an exchange of opinion, and the result of observations going on. There can be little, if any, harm done between one session of parliament and another, and there will be opportunities of bringing in every year motions of amendment, of abrogation, of improvement, of protection, which can and will be forced on the people also by a free and bold press, so that we can see much of good, and nothing of harm, by starting the plan, although there may afterwards be found many things to alter or amend therein.

But if, from sectional motives, from private interests or jealousies, or from any improper cause, from anything which has not conscience and conviction for its motive, a hinderance or an objection to this generally admitted benefit to the public common weal be thwarted, we have only to hope that the united "wisdom of the nation," will prove stronger in the end, and the worst we wish for the opponents is that their inward sense of the benefit they would oppose, may wring from them the approbation and approval which they would fain have suppressed. As to the arguments which some of them have adduced, that the "Legislature has no right to compel the people to expend money in national education," and certain other doctrines of a similar tendency, these are so shallow that they deserve hardly anything more than rebuke; but the title-page of a lately published book is rebuke enough, and may call the thought home to a contemplation of its import, and to the general tendency of carrying such a good old maxim into practice, "Prevention is better than cure."

Let the long faces of the fearful in British affairs and prospects contract again, if the following picture drawn by the London Spectator can have any weight, and as the results are drawn from figures and facts, which are commonly allowed never "to lie," they may be worth something. The increased custom-house returns show that the alteration in the freedom of Trade has done no injury in the way of Tariff, and the smaller increase in the Excise is also matter of gratulation, for the Excise has at all times been the most ungracious of Taxes in the eyes of the public, and less payment thereof is a presumptive proof that fewer excisable commodities are in request.

"Perhaps as festive a thing as any which this Easter has brought forth is the Revenue-table for the year and quarter. That at least wears a face of gladness. Both on the year and quarter there is an increase in all the important branches of ordinary revenue, except the trifling decrease in Taxes of £32,000 on the year and £15,000 on the quarter. The increase on the Customs, in spite of the tariff-reductions, is £1,132,000 on the year and £485,000 on the quarter. In the Excise it is not so great—£661,000 on the year and £26,000 on the quarter. The greatest decrease is under the casual item Repayment of Advances: it is £738,000 on the year and £291,000 on the quarter. In spite of that drawback, the balance of increase on the quarter is £400,000, on the year £1,539,000. But for the Irish drain, the surplus of revenue would still have been accumulating; in the last quarter the advances to Ireland were £2,940,000."

"Ireland goes on. The famine, indeed, appears for the time to mitigate: foreign grain pours in abundantly: and Irishmen, who return verdicts of 'manslaughter' against Lord John Russell for not feeding the people collectively and individually, begin to disclose potatoes which they have hoarded in hopes of something even beyond famine prices. Another sign of the mitigated hardship is the small difficulty with which the people are discharged from the public works, in the midst of a chorus of threats and forebodings."

Capt. Rubridge, R. N. accompanied by Mrs. Toker and two children, sails for Europe to-day in the Stephen Whitney.

There are two articles in the editorial of a neighbouring journal, one of which is direct towards ourselves, and one, in which we are very artfully but sufficiently included, that require some notice on our part. The first is an article which purports to be a comment on our remarks respecting St. George's Day this year, and we have chiefly to protest against its being any "semi-official" publication, the blame or censure, if any be deserved, is due to the editor of this Journal, who neither directly nor indirectly had intimation from any one that the publication of the proceedings would be acceptable, and the remarks made in his article are not in any wise the dictation or the expressed wish for publicity of any person. The rest of the article, which has called forth the present notice is but too shallow and too wordy to be farther commented upon, for it puts one in mind, as its author has frequently done, that it is more like "a cooper going round a cask than like one jumping into it;" and our motive for noticing it at all, is that we will not have our own article sheltered by our imaginary authority for it, nor would we have any one else blamed for our fault, if there is a fault. We wish it to be understood, however, that we could say



much in answer to that which has called for our present reply, and will, if there occur sufficient reason.

The second is that the editor of the journal alluded to has quoted a Toronto journal to the end, that the "Albion and the Spirit of the Times" came to hand in that city on each Saturday morning, though "other New York papers of the same date arrived here on the previous Wednesday." We would here state that until last year our paper was by some manoeuvre late *always* in getting to Toronto, but we finally ourselves put the manoeuvre aside, and unless that be again in effect, which we do not believe, the Anglo American, the Spirit of the Times, and the Albion arrive in Toronto together, and all in company as far as the carriage goes; so that we do not come, to our present knowledge, under the inuendo quoted from the Toronto Herald "other New York papers."

#### NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

(TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION.)

139 and 154.—By Louis Lang.—These are by the same artist, and although called by different names, are very evidently supplements to each other. The first is a young females dressing for the ceremony when she is about to quit "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world;" in other words preparatory to her taking the veil; the latter is when that part of the ceremony is in performance, the ministerial priest being in the act of cutting off the damsel's hair. They are both interesting, well drawn, well grouped, well coloured, and are a good pair of paintings.

147. *The Flower Girl*.—By Chas. Ingham.—The subject is too fair for a Flower Girl, but it is probably a portrait, and the flowers (which are prettily done) are a perfect load to carry. It is like Ingham's generally, finished to the very excess, like enamel, but wants as nearly all his does, a vigorous touch.

145. *A Florentine Girl*.—By J. P. Rosseter. N. A.—The painter has been happy in giving this a character. The olive complexion and the expressively sighted-up black eyes are very well done indeed.

165. *Head of a Dog*.—By L. Purdy.—This is well done where there is frequently a great crouch. The white face, the lean pendant black ears, and particularly the grave quietude of the countenance, are well done.

170. *A. M. Cozzens, Esq.*—By C. S. Elliot, N. A.—There is some likeness to the subject, but it is much more like the pianoforte player De Meyer.

178. *Court of Henry VIII.*—By E. Leutze.—Here is another of those which have been already seen and noticed of the pictures in the Art-Union. This is an erroneous system. Its freshness is gone.

179. *The Mountain Ford*.—By Thomas Cole, N. A.—We are glad to say of this, that it is not the usual proportion of Cole's mannerism. It does not look so patchy in the foliage and the dark grounds.

187. *The Orphan's Funeral*.—By J. W. Edmonds, N. A.—This is the only painting in the present exhibition by this artist; but he always tells an interesting tale in his subjects. The picture is a poor widowed mother carrying under her arm, an infant's coffin, and a child older than the preserved deceased is running at her mother's side unconscious of melancholy sensation. Anything from Mr. Edmond's pencil is sure to have good feeling, good design, and effect in the workmanship.

191. *Portrait of a Gentleman*.—By E. Mooney, N. A.—A good likeness and a good picture.

198. *Portrait of the late Henry Inman*. N. A.—C. L. Elliot, N. A.—A good likeness of the late great artist, and Mr. Elliot has judiciously given sufficiency of blue in the colouring.

207 and 214.—By N. Joselyn, N. A.—We do not like the expression in the countenance of either of these portraits. That of the former is somewhat vulgar and shrewish, and of the latter self-conceit; and yet these qualities may not exist in the character of either.

211. *Portrait of a Lady*.—By J. H. Lazarus.—We know nothing of the likeness, but the artist has done full well, the chevelure is very good, and the face is expressive.

213. *James Harper, Esq.*—By F. Frothingham, N. A.—Whoever has once seen our prince of biblioplists must be aware of this great likeness, and the artist has happily caught the usual expression of his features in transacting business.

217. *Portrait of a Child*.—J. H. Shegogue, N. A.—Here are good limbs, and good head, but there is too much mind thrown into the child's countenance.

222. *Pity and Folly*.—By D. Huntingdon, N. A.—Here is a good story told. An old man is gravely reading, and here are two young women, one soberly attending to the uttered words, and the other leering as if jesting at them.

Memo.—In the third Saloon which commonly has been filled last, and with very indifferent pieces, is this time comparatively rich with paintings and subjects. But we have no more room to spare this week, but will endeavour in our next to have been once through the exhibition; but although we can hardly compliment the academy by saying here is much of grand conception and of composition in this exhibition, yet the whole is better than anything aforesaid.

#### Literary Notices.

*Pictorial History of England*.—No. 22.—We have heretofore spoken in high terms of commendation of this splendid publication: its interest increases as it progresses, and all we can say is that the cheapness as well as the intrinsic excellence of the work render it imperative upon every gentleman of taste and intelligence to possess himself of a copy.

*Scripture Illustrated, &c.*—Harper & Brothers have published a pretty little tome under this title; designed to illustrate and enforce Bible precept and maxim by some striking incident, anecdote, and fact; thus impressing the memory

with the teachings of Holy Writ more forcibly than otherwise might be the case. It is just the book for youth, the domestic circle, and the Sunday School. The Harpers have also just issued a new edition of *Story's Familiar Exposition of the Constitution of the U. S.*—the best authority on the subject extant.

*Prevention better than Cure*.—By Mrs. Ellis.—New York: Appleton & Co.—The writings of this admirable woman are always worthy of a serious perusal. She seldom is impassioned, still less seldom does she write in a jocose manner, but there is a fund of good sense in all she says, and her ideas deserve a second consideration. The present is on a subject which deserves the attention of law-makers, more particularly when it applies to criminal cases.

*Hill Side and Border Sketches*.—By W. H. Maxwell.—New York: Appleton.—The author is one deservedly held in estimation by the public; but the stories in this work are rather too artificially wrought, to be the veritable unornamented facts they pretend to be, but the book is interesting, and there are many matters both of interest and information contained in it.

*The Banks of the Mississippi*.—By H. Lanman.—New York: Appleton.—This book can hardly be extolled too much, it is lively, we are impressed with its truth, yet it shews much of imagination and poetical feeling in the author, and is one of the best descriptive works on the West, that we have ever perused. We quote some description of The Mississippi river in our number to day.

*Spursheim, on Education*.—New York: Fowler & Wells.—This work has an appendix written by Mr. Wells, and though the work, altogether, in the opinion of some may be thought to contain many errors, yet at the present moment when practical education is so very engrossing a subject, and always so gravely deserves a consideration, it becomes our duty to hear whatever we can, from all persons having a celebrity or a distinction, and let our cool judgment estimate the strength or weakness of the remarks. This publication is got up in good sized type, and is well illustrated on some points.

*Familiar Lessons on Physiology*.—By Mrs. L. N. Fowler.—New York: Fowler & Wells.—It has become an anxious desire among the teachers as well as among the faculty of the present day to diminish the ignorance of the rising generation which has hitherto been lamentably the case in early education, and so to compose books of this nature that they may be available to all conditions and both sexes. This work (which is only Vol. I. of the work) is of this nature. But we except, as being for children's service to the following observation, and all, similar, in any works of the kind "To see them (minks) children, you might imagine that he must be a dear little creature to have such pretty teeth; but he has a very fierce and cruel disposition." Now leaving the bad grammar out of question, it is wrong to inculcate the notion that an inferior animal is cruel; it is only the habit of its nature.

*The Youth of Shakspeare*.—By F. Williams, Esq.—New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.—A copy of this work was reprinted in America in two volumes a few years ago, and although we liked it as a clever book, and it is a sprightly thing; we do not like such a subject to be mingled with fiction even though that may have little harm. It takes away some of the respect there is due to the reality of the person, and it is hard to separate the truth from the fiction.

*Fletcher's Illustrated Edition of the Bible*.—No. 45 and 46.—New York: Virtue.—This beautiful edition is making good progress, and in no wise is deteriorated from the elegant commencement. The numbers before us are embellished by a fine engraving of "Abigail before David" and "Fagade of the Tombs of the Kings of Jerusalem."

#### BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

A VEGETABLE AND UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

These Pills cure all diseases by purifying the Blood. They give to all the organs of the body the proper amount of life necessary to their purification. They are a

FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH TO ALL MANKIND,

and may be justly said to give the beauty and vigour of youth to the weakness and decrepitude of age. Can it be believed that after being before the public for ninety-one years, their sale should only now be a little rising a million of boxes per year? But so it is, and it is only to be attributed to fatal prejudice, or their sale would be at least twenty millions of boxes per year instead of only one million. Let all the sick use them—they will soon be among the healthy; let all who would secure themselves from sickness have them by them, in case of a sudden attack; for a few doses taken when the body commences to get out of order, and the benefit is secured at once. Fathers and mothers, attend to this subject; sons and daughters, attend to this subject; let all men and women ask themselves the question, whether what has stood the test of time so long does not deserve some attention.

And who is to be benefitted? Those who use the Brandreth Pills. They are the ones that receive the interest of a thousand per cent. How? In a present payment of health, of vivacity for dullness, of brightness and clearness of perception, in place of cloudiness and confusion of mind.

Brandreth's Pills are a life preserver. Those who know their qualities feel secure in their health and faculties being preserved to them to an indefinite period. They are equally good in all kinds of disease, no matter how called, because they cannot be used without taking out impurities from the blood, and perseverance will cause its perfect purification, and no disease can be present when the blood is pure.

MR. CYRUS DURAND'S LETTER.

Clintonville, New Jersey, 4th April, 1847.

Dear Sir: I have for years been subject to a sour stomach and much flatulence, especially after eating ever so light a repast. These and other symptoms of a dyspeptic nature have given me much trouble, making me occasionally very sick; in fact I for years scarcely ever was really well, and I often thought I should never have precious health again.

In this condition I commenced using your Pills, and after only a few weeks' use of them freely, I found myself much improved. I then took one pill a day for ten days, and they perfectly restored me. It is four months now since, and I have enjoyed the best possible health, having no return of acidity of stomach, or any other dyspeptic symptom whatever.—I remain, dear sir, truly yours,

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May 15th.-5f



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A ROMANCE.—BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

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## PIQUILLO ALLIAGA

OR THE

## MOORS UNDER PHILIP THE THIRD OF SPAIN.

A Historical Romance from the French of EUGENE SCRIBE.

March 20.

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The School is in session from the 7th of September to the 16th of July: the period being divided into four Quarters—severally commencing on the 7th of September, 23rd of November, 13th of February, and the 1st of May; but pupils are received at any intermediate period, the proportion of the Quarter only being charged. For further particulars a line addressed to Mrs. Bailey, at her residence, will receive immediate attention.

April 3-2m.

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May 1-1f.

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Jan. 23—3m.

MAXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. LEAF TOBACCO for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand.

July 7-1y.

## THE TRUSTEES OF THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY

Would direct the attention of the public to the following brief account of the present condition of this institution, and of the effort now making to increase its importance and usefulness.

The institution is now, in every respect, prosperous. It is free from financial embarrassment; its real estate, independent of its books, far exceeds in value the amount of its obligations; and its income provides for its current expenses, and for considerable annual additions to the Library. It has recently erected a noble library edifice in a central situation, on the principal street of the city, spacious enough for a library of more than a hundred thousand volumes. Its present library numbers forty thousand, generally well-selected volumes (many of which are rare and costly); it may therefore be said to have laid the foundation for a library of the first class, and such the trustees are determined to make it, if the public will foster it as the importance of the object deserves.

Attached to the library is a convenient and commodious reading room, well supplied with the home and foreign journals and newspapers, which offers every accommodation, both for quiet reading and a rapid glance at the news of the day. One of the objects now in view is to transfer this department of the library to the first floor of the building, to render it more accessible to persons whose time is limited, and to extend the library proper over the whole of the second floor.

The institution is not, as many have supposed, an exclusive one. Any person of fair character may become a member of it on application to the librarian, and enjoy its privileges by paying twenty-five dollars, the price of a share, and an annual assessment of six dollars; the latter may be commuted at any time by the payment of seventy-five dollars.

This is the condition and character of the institution, in whose benefit the public are now invited to participate, and for whose advancement their co-operation is solicited. It is hoped that every friend to the moral and intellectual improvement of our city, every parent who would furnish various and valuable reading to his children, every one who seeks an occasional retreat from the toils and tumults of business, in a word, every one who knows the value of a great library in a great metropolis, and is not now a member of this institution, will immediately become one; and that those who are already members of it will lend their active and efficient aid in raising it to the rank which the trustees are now aiming to give it. If this is done, the trustees pledge themselves to the public that nothing shall be wanting on their part to carry out this great object, and enable the institution to attain a character and present an aspect of extent and importance that will make it the boast and honor of the commercial metropolis of the Union.

Feb. 18—1f.

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March 13-3m.

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Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the Sarsaparilla Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contain all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The Sarsaparilla can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient.

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JOHN M. NORRIS.

Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true.

REV. T. M. MERRIMAN.

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Berkshire, Vt., Oct. 22, 1846.

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Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	Apr. 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every descrip- tion will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon appli cation to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or pas sage, apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to

CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

## LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every Month.

**THIS LINE OF PACKETS** will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz. :—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	20, 20, 20
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1	20, 20, 20
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sebor,	Apr. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	20, 20, 20
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators

Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to

GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to

JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

## OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

**THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS** for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz. :—

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	16, 16, 16
Fidelity, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	16, 16, 16
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	16, 16, 16
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest at tention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every descrip tion will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels or Packages sent by them, less regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight passage, apply

GOODHUE & Co. 34 South-st., or

C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-st., N. Y., or

ARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.